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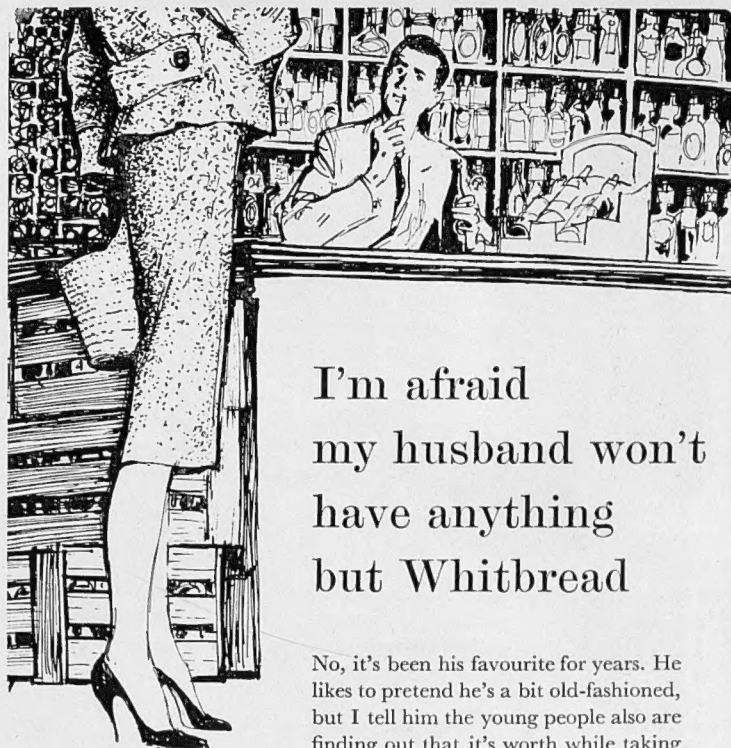
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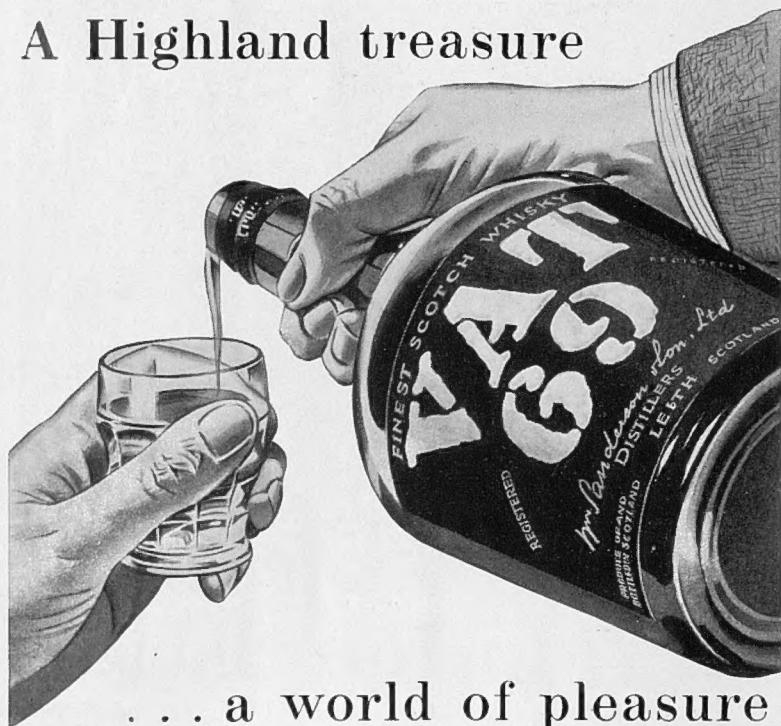
No, it's been his favourite for years. He likes to pretend he's a bit old-fashioned, but I tell him the young people also are finding out that it's worth while taking the trouble to *choose* what one eats and drinks. And to pay a little more to get the quality....you find that? I'm not surprised!

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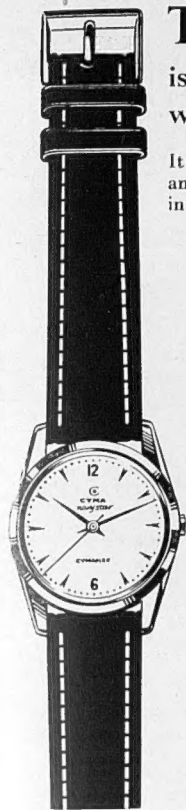


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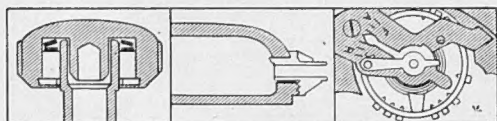


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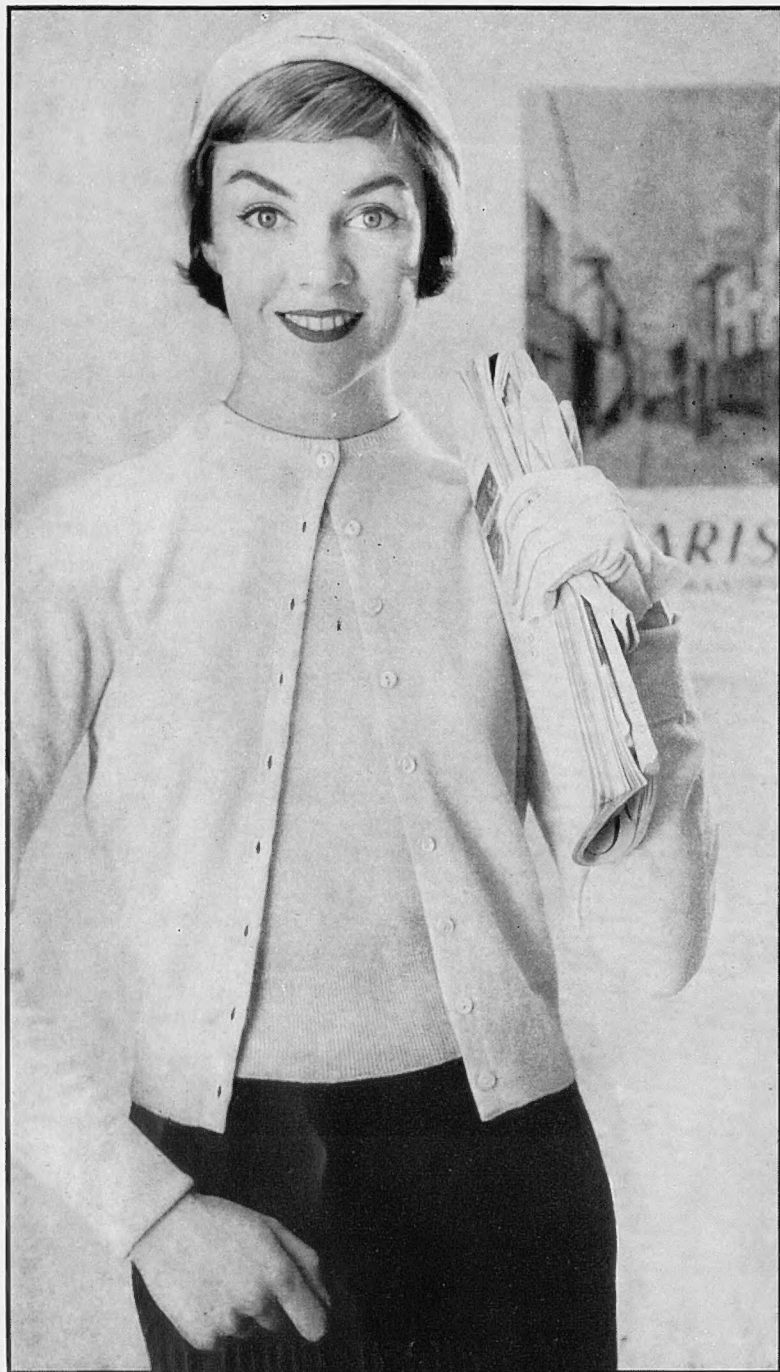
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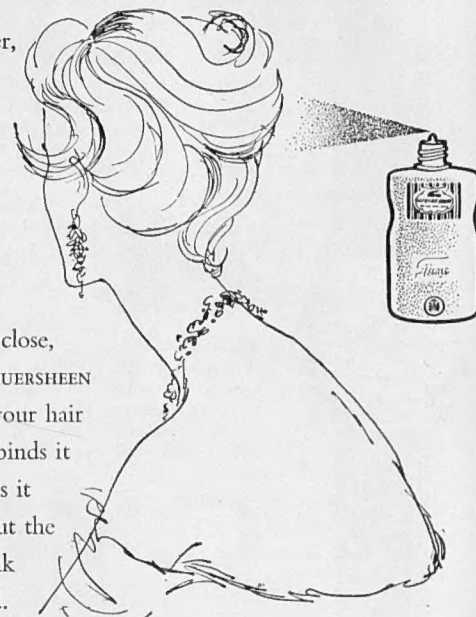
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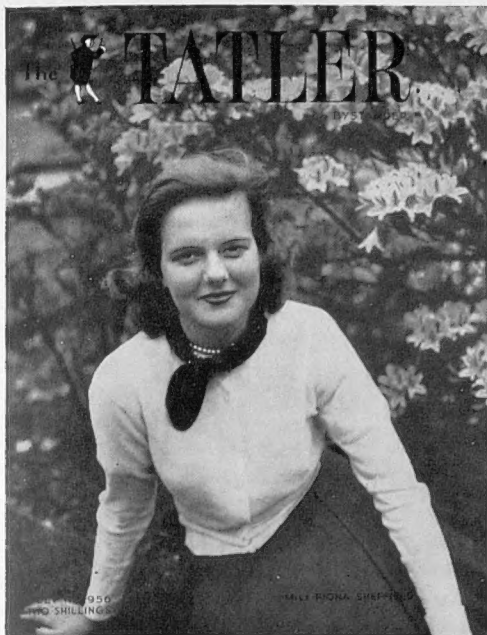
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CHANEL



MISS FIONA MARY SHEFFIELD is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. Reginald Sheffield of Normanby Park, Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, and a niece of Sir Robert Sheffield, Bt. She is a first cousin of the former Miss Jane Sheffield who married Mr. Jocelyn Stevens last month, and was a bridesmaid at her wedding. This charming photograph of her was taken at Nostell Priory, the beautiful home of Major the Hon. Rowland Winn in Yorkshire

Baron

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From July 11 to July 18

July 11 (Wed.) The Lord Mayor gives Judges' Dinner at the Mansion House.

Dances: The Duchess of Norfolk for her daughter, Lady Anne FitzAlan Howard, St. James's Palace (by gracious permission of the Queen). Mrs. Bissell Thomas (small dance) for Miss Camilla Bissell Thomas, Hurlingham Club. Mrs. Barbara Kelly for Miss Susan Hunter, Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead.

Canadian Ball, Overseas House.

Racing at Salisbury (two days).

July 12 (Thur.) Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace.

Cricket: England v. Australia, Third Test Match at Leeds (till 17th).

The Prime Minister presides at the English-Speaking Union dinner to Earl and Countess Attlee, Dorchester Hotel.

British Olympic Ball at Grosvenor House.

July 13 (Fri.) The Queen and Prince Philip at Amateur Athletic Association championships, White City Stadium.

Cricket: Eton v. Harrow at Lord's (two days).

Eton Beagles Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

Hurlingham Ball at Hurlingham.

Racing at Sandown Park (two days).

July 14 (Sat.) Motor Racing: R.A.C. British Grand Prix, Silverstone.

A.A.A. Championships, White City (second day).

Eclipse Stakes at Sandown.

July 15 (Sun.) Household Brigade Regatta in the Solent.

Polo at Cowdray Park.

July 16 (Mon.) The King of Iraq pays a state visit to London (until 19th).

Tennis: Annual Lawn Tennis Open Tournament, Frinton-on-Sea (until 21st).

Dance: The Countess of Feversham for her daughter, Lady Clarissa Duncomb, at Syon House.

July 17 (Tues.) The Duchess of Kent lays the foundation stone of the new Hall of the Clothworkers' Company, Mincing Lane.

Princess Margaret attends Miss Vacani's children's dancing matinée at the Scala Theatre in aid of the Family Welfare Association.

Anglo-Egyptian Society Garden Party at the Egyptian Embassy.

Dance: The Hon. Mrs. Fane and Mrs. Robert Rivers-Bulkeley for Miss Carol Fane and Miss Miranda Rivers-Bulkeley, Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing: Newmarket, second July Meeting (3 days).

July 18 (Wed.) Cricket: Gentlemen v. Players, Lord's (three days).

Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies and Children, annual Garden Party, The Holme, Regent's Park.

Dances: Mrs. Fairfax-Ross for her daughter, Miss Christine Fairfax-Ross, 6 Belgrave Square.

Mrs. Francis Winham for her daughters, Miss Francine and Miss Josephine Winham, Claridge's.

The Kangaroo Hop ball in aid of the Cheshire Homes for the Incurably Sick, at the Savoy.

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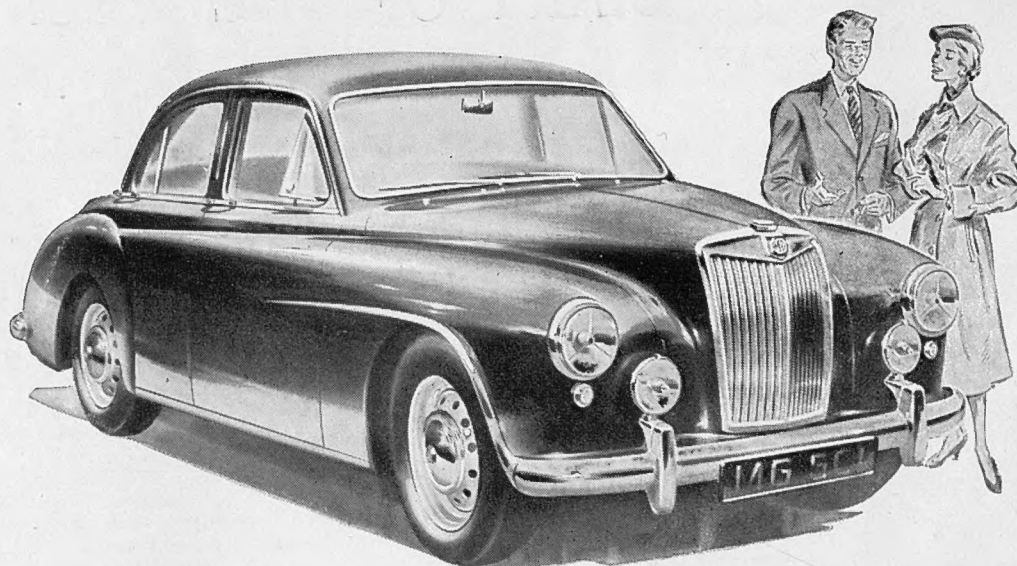
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Baron

To be married this week

MISS VIVIEN KAY-MENZIES is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Kay-Menzies, of Oakwood Court, London, W.14. She is engaged to Mr. Julian Roy Carnegie, who is the son of Dr. and Mrs. F. A. R.

Carnegie, of St. Mary's Mansions, London, W.2, and of Milan, and they are to be married on July 14. Miss Kay-Menzies was a debutante in Coronation year, and her sister Diana was presented this year

MRS. HORNE AND CAMILLA

MRS. ALISTAIR HORNE is seen with her daughter Camilla who was born in 1954. Before her marriage Mrs. Horne was Miss Remira Hawkins, a daughter of Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hawkins and of Lady Margaret Hawkins, the elder sister of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester. Mr. Horne is the son of the late Sir (James) Allen Horne, and he and his wife have a house at Grafton Underwood, Kettering, in Northamptonshire. They have recently gone on a summer visit to the United States where they will be staying until August



Eric Coop

Social Journal

Jennifer

PRINCE PHILIP THANKS SWEDEN

PRINCE PHILIP, who is undoubtedly one of the best after dinner speakers in the country, made an excellent and very amusing speech at the Anglo-Swedish dinner at Claridge's. He proposed the toast "Sweden" to which the Swedish Ambassador, M. Gunnar Häggblöf, responded.

Prince Philip, who was wearing the blue ribbon of the Order of the Seraphim, referred to the warm and wonderful welcome the Queen and he had received during their very recent visit to Stockholm. Sir Harold Wernher, the very able chairman of the Anglo-Swedish Society, spoke first, and welcomed many friends and members at the dinner.

THESE included the Rt. Hon. Selwyn Lloyd who the chairman said (much to everyone's amusement) had unlike most politicians accepted his invitation on the condition that he did not have to make a speech!

Also at the dinner were Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones, Sir Victor Mallet, Lord and Lady Nathan, Sir Graham Hayman and Lord and Lady Sempill. The latter had just been invested with the insignia of a Commander

First Class of the Royal Order of the North Star, by the Swedish Ambassador on behalf of the King of Sweden. Lady Zia Wernher, very good looking in grey satin with a magnificent diamond brooch, received the guests with her husband. Mme. Häggblöf unfortunately was not present. She had lost her mother only two weeks before and was still with her father at his home in Italy. After the dinner and speeches which took place in the ballroom at Claridge's, there was dancing in the adjacent room.

IT was an extremely well arranged and enjoyable evening, much of the success being due to the untiring efforts of the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Ulla Clogg. Among those enjoying this occasion were Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare, Mr. F. J. Erroll the M.P. for Altrincham and Sale, and his very pretty blonde wife, Admiral and Mrs. Patrick McLaughlin, Mr. Merz and his charming Swedish born wife who came with Mr. and Mrs. H. von Heidenstam, Lady Melchett pretty in white, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, Mr. and Mrs. H. William-Olsson, Mr. and Mrs. Kihlstedt, Mr. and Mrs. Torsten Landby, and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Henry Phillips.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, a radiant figure in a pale blue printed chiffon dress and hat to match, attended a dress show of the School of Fashion and Design at the Royal College of Art in Cromwell Road. The clothes she saw, which ranged from children's frocks to a bride's wedding dress, had all been designed and made by the students of the College, and in some instances the material used had been designed and printed in the Textile School. The clothes were of a very high standard and I thought showed promise of a very rosy future for young British designers.

OUTSTANDING among them this year, in my opinion, was Rosemary Baynes who produced an enchanting child's dress in organdie which was shown at the same time as her blue taffeta party dress, and a white tennis dress in waffle piqué which was as neat and well cut as any outfit seen on the Centre Court at Wimbledon. Jill Gundry produced a very good looking tweed coat and jersey jumper suit, and had cleverly made every use of the pattern of a very pretty print for her striped cotton dress. Thirdly there was Varenna Marshall who has just won a scholarship at the College which will take her to see the Paris Collections next month.

Among her models were a delightful black chiffon dinner dress, a black wool afternoon dress and finally a beautifully designed and made wedding dress with an original and cleverly thought out panel at the back.

This was the Fashion School's first Royal visit since Lady Ashton took over as Professor of Fashion and started it on its present lines eight years ago. Lady Ashton is shortly leaving the college owing to pressure of other work, and Mr. Robin Darwin, principal of the Royal College of Art, paid a tribute to her excellent influence during his brief speech. Her successor next term will be Mrs. Janey Ironside, who at one time was an assistant instructress at the college.

Later that evening I went to another "fashion" party. This was given by Mr. Norman Hartnell, who designs so many lovely clothes for the Queen, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and other members of the Royal family. The party, which took place in his softly furnished grey showrooms in Bruton Street, was to introduce his new Couture Styled Nylons. These are really superbly made in four enchanting shades, with specially well fitting heels and care in every detail. They can be bought in ordinary nylon in all the usual foot sizes and also in "stretch" nylon with a choice of long, average or small lengths, and what is also admirable is that they are priced within easy reach of all of us.

★ ★ ★

LORD DUDLEY GORDON, President of the Allied Circle, and Lady Dudley Gordon received the guests who came to the cocktail reception given at their headquarters in Green Street in honour of H.E. The French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel, who looked very chic in navy blue. The Allied Circle, which originated during the war, has done a great deal to further friendship among the peoples of different nations. Two of its greatest supporters, who have worked indefatigably

for this international club, are Mrs. McNeil Robertson who looked charming at the reception in a printed silk dress with a violet cap and violet coloured suède gloves, and Lady Evelyn Jones who was going round introducing guests and members. Other hostesses present were Princess Sapieha, Mrs. Herbert Hughes and Mrs. Hervey-Bathurst.

Among members of the Diplomatic Corps I met the Syrian Ambassador, who is delighted to be back in London after an absence of seven years. The Austrian Ambassador came along, also the Dominican Ambassador, the Iranian Ambassador, the Finnish Ambassador, the Lebanese Ambassador and many more. Major Tufton Beamish, M.P., and his very pretty American born wife were going round the room meeting friends, while others present included M. and Mme. Varin of the French Embassy, Herr and Frau Hensel of the German Embassy, Mrs. Grant-Ferris, Lady Norton, and M. and Mme. Amaloedin Soetadiwiria of the Indonesian Embassy.

★ ★ ★

VISCOUNTESS KEMSLEY is outstanding as one of our leading hostesses, and her home, Chandos House, is one of the loveliest in London. Her parties are always arranged to perfection in every detail and everyone looks forward to being invited to one of them. The ball which, with the Hon. Mrs. Denis Berry, she gave recently at Chandos House for Miss Susan Berry was a very gracious and enjoyable affair. Susan, who wore a white dress embroidered in cornflower and poppy colouring, was in tremendous spirits, radiating enjoyment, as was her elder sister Mrs. Alexander Gilmour, who had her own coming out dance here in 1953.

Shortly after I had been received by my two charming hostesses I met Viscount Kemsley in the magnificent double drawing room upstairs with its exquisite Adam ceilings, going round greeting his friends and in his usual kindly way

seeing they had all they wanted. He is certainly one of the kindest grandfathers in the way he has already lent either his town or country home for the coming out dances of his four eldest granddaughters, and I am sure he will be just as generous to the younger ones who will be coming out in the next few years.

A dance floor had been laid in the paved garden, which had been covered in for the evening and the walls draped with white muslin caught up in festoons with clusters of syringa. This sweet smelling shrub was mixed with lilies in large vases throughout the house.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA looking very pretty in a white dress printed in red was there accompanied by her lady-in-waiting Lady Moyra Hamilton, and dancing happily with a number of young friends much of the evening. Other young people I noticed were Miss Mary Anne Berry, pretty in emerald green, and her sister Jane, the Hon. Janet Hamilton, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, Miss Elizabeth Hoyer Millar very attractive in a lovely white tulle dress, the Marquess of Hamilton, Viscount Weymouth, Miss Elizabeth Rhys, Baroness d'Arcy de Knayth looking enchanting in a cornflower blue dress, cleverly pleated, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, Miss Sara Oldfield in a white tulle dress with an emerald green satin top, Lady Anne Howard in pale blue satin, and Miss Jane Allday, immaculate in a ballet length dress.

Older guests included the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Viscount Kemsley's only daughter the Marchioness of Huntly looking charming in white and silver, the Marquess of Huntly, the Hon. Lionel and Lady Helen Berry, the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Schreiber, the Luxembourg Ambassador and Madame Clasen, Lord and Lady Dynevor sitting talking to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Holt, and Mrs. Frederick Sigrist who is bringing her only daughter out next year.

I also met the Hon. Denis Berry who, like his

[Continued overleaf]

London dance for two débutantes

LADY REMNANT and Mrs. William Dowding recently gave a coming out dance for their daughters, the Hon. Susan Remnant and Miss Caroline Dowding, at Claridge's



The Hon. Susan Remnant and Miss Caroline Dowding, the young hostesses



Mr. D. Waddington, Miss D. Rae Smith, Miss Sonia Kirwan and Mr. M. Noble



Miss Anne de Steensen-Leth dancing with Mr. T. B. Cubitt



Sir Brian and Lady Mountain were talking during the evening to Mr. James Hill

Lord Brooke marries Miss Chester Beatty

AFTER the recent wedding of Lord Brooke, the Earl of Warwick's heir, and Miss Sarah Chester Beatty, a reception was given followed by a luncheon at the bride's home. Right, Lord and Lady Brooke



Mr. Mark Brocklehurst and Mrs. Gay Kindersley. Below, Mr. Douglas Wilson and Miss Ann Newling at Mr. Chester Beatty's house in Park St.



Mrs. P. Henderson and the Hon. Richard Greville, uncle of the bridegroom. Below, Mrs. A. C. Gilmour was talking to Mr. Dominic Elves



A. V. Swache

father and brothers, is a splendid host, Mr. David and Lady Anne Rhys, Lord and Lady Cullen who came in a party with the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Berry, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Warrender, Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, Major Rhyddian and Lady Honor Llewellyn who looked very pretty in maize satin, the Hon. Anthony and the Hon. Mrs. Berry most attractive in white, Brig. and Mrs. Schreiber, Lord and Lady Brocket, the Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor, Sir Edmund and the Hon. Lady Stockdale, and Mrs. Berkeley Stafford.

THE Dowager Lady Swaythling always has interesting personalities among the guests at her cocktail parties, drawn from the political, diplomatic, business, artistic, and sporting worlds. She is a gay and charming hostess and at a recent party wore an enchanting Victorian period blue and gold silk dress, an heirloom which belonged to her great-aunt Miss Dina Littler, daughter of General Sir John Littler. Her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Frost, and her grandsons, the Hon. David and the Hon. Anthony Montagu, were at the party, also her house guests, M. and Mme. Hubert Guerin, and their young daughter. They have recently returned from Canada where M. Guerin was Ambassador for several years.

The Marquess of Reading, Joint Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, was talking to friends, and I saw Mrs. Pandit, the Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Nishi and their daughter, Mme. Chauvel, wife of the French Ambassador, Mrs. Robertson wife of the Canadian High Commissioner, the Hon. Mrs. Marcus Cheke and Lady Kirkpatrick, whose husband Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick is Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Mrs. de Sola and her daughter Mrs. de Pass were talking to Sir Campbell Stuart, and I met Lady Savile with her sons Lord Savile and the Hon. Henry Lumley Savile, Lady Newall, Lady Anne Fummi, and Miss Cynthia Makins back from Washington where her father is our Ambassador. She came with her grandparents Sir Ernest and Lady Makins.

Countess Kinsky who has just returned from Canada for a few months was looking very pretty talking to Commandant Georges Cuissart de Grelle from the Belgian Embassy and his charming wife. Lady Cynthia Colville was meeting many friends, as were the Duchess of Atholl, who is busy writing a book, Sir George and Lady Rendel, and Eileen Viscountess Gormanston.

★ ★ ★

I WENT a few nights later to another coming out ball which Lady Butler and Mrs. Stuart Johnstone gave jointly for their daughters, Miss Caroline Butler and Miss Caroline Johnstone. This was also a very enjoyable evening, and the setting was 6 Belgrave Square. The ballroom was crowded, also the small dance floor downstairs where a very good replica of the famous Moulin Rouge had been arranged. There was a great number of young guests and among the dinner hostesses for the ball were the Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Villiers, Lady Raglan, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston, Mrs. Basil Eugster, Mrs. Walker Leigh whom I met watching the dancing with her husband, Mrs. Ivo Reid and Col. Gregory Hood.

The German Ambassador and Mme. von Herwarth were among guests at a cocktail party, given by Lord and Lady Monson, and like many of their friends wanted to look all

over the Monson's fascinating London home, even to the very modern and well designed kitchen. Lady Monson, who is exceptionally clever at décor, has made their little Knightsbridge home into a gem, with the same eye to detail that she has used in their Lincolnshire home and their homes in Bermuda and Jamaica.

Guests enjoyed their drinks in the little courtyard with its very gay window boxes full of pink geraniums and a trailing vine on the glass roof overhead. Here I also met Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, who like the Monsons have an enchanting home at Roundhill in Jamaica, Lord and Lady Stamp, the latter in black with a very gay pink hat trimmed with pink roses, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Chappell, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford and Mrs. Vernon Tate.

★ ★ ★

THIS year a record number of people watched the Lawn Tennis Championships on the lawns of the All England Club at Wimbledon. There were many surprises and several seeded and fancied players were defeated quite early in the championship. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent watched the play most afternoons from the Royal Box. On the Monday of the second week she was joined by Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma and their daughters Lady Brabourne, with Lord Brabourne, and Lady Pamela Mountbatten, both girls in blue. Others in the Royal box that afternoon included Col. Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith, Lady Greig, widow of Sir Louis Greig, a great Wimbledon personality, and the Countess of Londesborough with her daughter Lady Zinnia Denison.

The first two matches were men's singles.

We saw L. A. Hoad of Australia, who at the time of writing is much fancied to win this year's championship, beat M. J. Anderson, another Australian, by three sets to one. This was followed by a match in which Ham Richardson of the U.S. defeated N. A. Fraser of Australia also by three sets to one. I had to leave before the end of this match.

In the very packed centre court stands, watching these games, were Baroness Ravensdale, Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, Lord and Lady Lyle of Westbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney, Mr. Ian Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butler, Col. Buns Cartwright, Mrs. Satterthwaite, Major Stanley Cayzer, and the Hon. Derry Moore with Mr. Nicky Winter.

★ ★ ★

COUNTRESS MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA, for many years a tireless worker for the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and their Superintendent-in-Chief, attended a delightful At Home which the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage gave at Claridge's. This was in honour of St. John visitors from overseas, many of whom I noticed were in uniform. The St. John Ambulance Brigade is a wonderful organization, with members (all voluntary workers) who do an untold amount of good all over the world.

Also there to welcome them were Lt.-Gen. Sir Otto Lund the Commissioner-in-Chief, Mrs. Beatrice Grosvenor, Deputy Superintendent-in-Chief, The Countess of Brecknock, Controller of the Overseas Department, Mr. Horace Parshall, Director-General of the St. John Ambulance Association, and of course their charming hostess Mrs. Gamage, who devotes much time to the St. John, especially in Berkshire where she is County Superintendent.

There was a big party of Pilgrims from South Africa and among these I met Miss Florence Norman from Durban, who incidentally wears the Florence Nightingale medal. She told me what an extremely interesting trip they had enjoyed, visiting the Holy Land and Rome among other places. The Governor of Trinidad, Sir Edward Betham, was there with Lady Betham, and other guests from far corners of the world included Col. Mugford and Col. Williams from Australia, Mr. Cleare and Mrs. Steel from British Guiana—the latter who is District Superintendent is home to leave a little time before her husband, as they have three children at school in England. We were also joined by Mr. Outram, Commissioner of Police and Superintendent of St. John in Honduras who is also home on leave, and others present included Mr. Gray and Miss Maclaren from Canada, Mr. Shields from Hong Kong, Mrs. Fonseka from Ceylon, and Dr. Akwei the new Director of Medical Services for the Gold Coast.

★ ★ ★

MRS. REX COHEN and Mrs. Donald Page are working very hard as joint chairmen of a Children's Garden Party and Fête to be held in Marlborough House Gardens, on July 24. This is in aid of The Invalid Children's Aid Association. It begins at 2 p.m. and should be a very enjoyable afternoon for children and grown-ups in this lovely setting, so easy to get at in the heart of London. The Duchess of Gloucester has graciously promised to be present during the afternoon. Enid Blyton will be there to sign autographs and Mme. Vacani's pupils are dancing a ballet. There will be pony rides, a giant slide, roundabouts, switchbacks and a Davy Crockett archery range. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Rex Cohen or Mrs. Donald Page at I.C.A.A., 4 Palace Gate, London, W.8.



Lord Sempill, the chairman, Mrs. Ulla Clogg, secretary of the Society, and Mr. C. E. Kihlstedt sitting at the top table

The Anglo-Swedish Society dinner

PRINCE Philip was the principal guest and one of the speakers at the dinner given by the Anglo-Swedish Society at Claridge's. Maj.-Gen. Sir Harold Wernher, President of the Society, and Lord Sempill, the chairman, received the several hundred guests, among whom were many members of the Scandinavian Embassies

Col. E. Remington Hobbs and Lady Melchett going in to dinner

Lady Zia Wernher with the Swedish Ambassador, M. G. Hagglof



Mr. F. J. Erroll, M.P., and Mrs. Erroll talking to Capt. E. Carlbon

Lady Wilson, Sir Reginald Wilson and Mrs. Erik Sandberg

Desmond O'Neill



Desmond O'Neill

Alan Whiteman points out the School buildings to Mrs. H. J. Whiteman, Lady Tansley and John Tansley. Behind them stands the Old School

SPEECH DAY AT HARROW SCHOOL



Frank Ripley, Miss Dawn Ripley and Andrew Coney

SPEECH Day ranks with Founders' Day as a great event of the Harrow School year, and under the guidance of young Harrovians, parents and other relatives spent a most enjoyable and interesting time visiting many of the famous buildings, some of which date back to the sixteenth century. In Old School (writes Jennifer), cut in the woodwork of the walls and doors, are the names of such great men as Palmerston and Winston Churchill who were both at school here, and in the Vaughan library I saw Sir Winston's first letter from Harrow to his mother, an enlightening little document about his wish to make his room the prettiest in the school! I was also taken to see the Chapel, the War Memorial and Ducker—the longest swimming pool, I believe, in the country.

THE day began with "Bill" in the school yard at 11 a.m. at which the presence of every boy in the school is necessary. After luncheon, there were speeches in Speech Room, and a cricket match on Sixth Form ground to watch.

At 4 p.m. boys gathered on the steps outside "Speecher" with parents and friends all round for "Cheering" as V.I.P.s were announced coming out from Speeches. They included Old Harrovians—Earl Alexander of Tunis accompanied by Countess Alexander and their daughter Lady Rose Crossman, Sir Walter Monckton and his wife Baroness Ruthven, Sir Alan Adair with Lady Adair and Lord

Dudley Gordon and his wife. The Headmaster was At Home for tea, as were all the housemasters. In conclusion there were Songs at 6.20 in Speech Room. This is a very moving and wonderful scene, as everyone connected with Harrow will agree. The programme included such favourites as, "A Gentleman's a-Bowling," "Ducker," "Byron Lay," "Five Hundred Tales," for which new boy C. J. Hue Williams sang the solo, and the School song, "Forty Years On." The evening ended with "God Save the Queen," which the school sang with great vigour.

BESIDES those I have mentioned, others I saw during the day were the Headmaster, Dr. James Head and Mrs. Head, the Princess of Berar and her Harrovian son, grandson of the Nizam of Hyderabad, Lady Luke with two of her four sons and her daughter the Hon. Caroline Lawson-Johnstone, and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Goodman.

Also present were Capt. Philip Glover, R.N., with the Hon. Mrs. Glover and their son, who is in Mr. McConnell's house, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson and his son, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell and her eldest son, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, the Hon. Derek and Mrs. Moore-Brabazon, Mr. Charles Orr-Ewing, M.P. and Mrs. Orr-Ewing, who all have sons at this famous school.



Mrs. G. Baker, Miss Prudence Baker, J. H. Baker and Miss Geraldine Russell



Earl and Countess Alexander of Tunis
were among the parents present



John Fox, Mrs. J. W. Fox and
Susan Fox study the programme



Desmond Stoneham, Mrs. Basil
Stoneham and Miss Diana Stoneham



Roy Johnson (Bradby's) and Miss Chenda
de Bunsen reading the notices

Mr. J. H. Tate, Patrick Osmond, Mrs.
Tate and Mr. Andrew Osmond



Mr. A. L. Wright with Mrs. Wright
and A. E. Wright (Drurie's)



Andrew Streeter, David Streeter,
and Mrs. and Mr. T. T. Streeter



SKYE

*Where the Cullins beckon
from the Atlantic mists*

WRITTEN about, photographed, painted endlessly by people captivated with its elusive magic, Skye can enchant as the rain falls softly, sweeping in veils across hill and glen. It has a strange power that makes itself felt when the wind blows hard, when the brown burns rush in spate over boulders and stones and when the day is silent and the sea lies still. There is a peace and serenity that defies the unruly elements. There is some undercurrent too persistent to be overlooked, too strong to be ignored, that charms the stranger. Few who have visited Skye have remained oblivious or unaware of its spell. You can understand at once why those who live there believe in fairies.

As the Gulf Stream runs close, the climate is mild in winter, but snow does fall and is often followed by days of sunshine with not a cloud above. To look out over the Minch to the Outer Isles frosted with snow, dipping down into the brilliant blue sea is to catch your breath and stand spellbound at such loveliness. It is a pleasure to walk for miles on such a day with the moor crisp underfoot and scenes of untold beauty at every turn.

IN spring countless flowers unfurl, defying wind and rain and welcoming the sun. The island fringed with the soft green of heather buds and new leaves attains a freshness that is fascinating. The sea often forgets to thrash the shores, as the water slowly heaves in the bays, shifting the sand and seaweed; the flight of the gull is no longer worried with the wind, and the lochs are still reflecting the fleeting clouds. Seabirds nest in thousands on the rocks, the fox prowls the hill in search of game and the wicked hooded crow circles endlessly searching for eggs and young animals that are born with the spring.

Skye on a hot summer's day is supreme. The peaks of the Black and the Red Cullin hills and the weird Quirang range thrust their summits up into the heavens; the crystal clear sea lazily laps the shores, with every rock and grain of sand visible below; Seabirds swoop and call; the white cotton grass grows in profusion on the hill decking it amid the purple heather with little puffs of white that match the flecks of cloud above. To the westward the Outer Isles lie in a haze of colour just touching the horizon; the air is soft and fresh with the scent of heather, peat and sea water; the far-flung bays, hills, lochs and crofts sleep and dream in the hot sun. Here is magic undenied.

AUTUMN brings the wind which bends the trees so cruelly that they only live in sheltered hollows. Those seedlings which have forgone the protection of a glen stand short and deformed and never attain any size. The purple heather turns and the bracken lies brown and broken in the corries. Stormy clouds embrace the sky releasing torrents of rain with which the greedy moorland quenches its bogs and peat, until he who dares to walk must fill his shoes and soak his stockings, hearing constantly the luscious squelching underfoot.

The islanders cut peat, urge their fishing boats out into the restless sea, weave tartan and tweed, spin wool, till the poor soil and tend their crofts while every year the average age of the population increases as the younger generation, keen to get on in the world, leave for the industrial areas. Skye is crying out for new industries and projects that will enable the young to remain at home. While they are gone the old ones sigh the Highlander's Prayer:

*Oh that the peats would cut themselves,
And the fish jump out on the shore,
And I should sit by the fireside,
And sleep for evermore.*

There are still people on the island who have never seen a train, a television set or an aeroplane (except in the clouds above).



SHEENA HILLEARY writes of the scenic beauty and strange enchantment of the Isle of Skye, which has kept itself free from the more damaging aspects of progress, and retains most of the magic which has made it famous in song and legend

There has been talk of building an aerodrome outside Portree, the capital of Skye, which would make the island more easily accessible.

Until very recently there was no electricity and every house was lit with candles and paraffin lamps. A few places made their own power, but not sufficient for such modern inventions as the refrigerator, washing machine, vacuum cleaner or electric mixer. These are yet new and curious devices shunned by many. But at last the hydro scheme from Storr lochs (famous for their fishing) has provided light for the island.

VISITORS come to Skye for the superb climbing in the Cullins, for "Skye Week" in May, when there are six days of entertainment in true Highland fashion, with concerts, dances, pageants, piping and visits to historic places; they come to paint, write, fish, sail, and to the Games and the famous Portree Gathering in September.

There are many sporting attractions on the island. The swift Blue Rock pigeon who lives on the cliffs will rush from a cave and rocket upwards twisting and turning, providing a difficult challenge for the most accurate marksman. Salmon, sea trout, and brown trout abound in the burns and lochs; the stags are inbred and rather small but there is some splendid stalking to be had; there are grouse and snipe in the autumn, woodcock and barnacle geese in the winter. Some of the few places in Britain to which the barnacle geese come are the tiny islands by Skye. The inshore fishing is often rewarding and frequently exciting in

a heavy sea or when sighting a basking shark. Only an expert yachtsman can sail in the waters of the Hebrides, for the rocks and wild weather are treacherous. But those who can handle a yacht expertly could find no more beautiful place to sail.

I am bewitched and enchanted by Skye in every way. I have climbed in the Cullins, felt the rough rock which is said to be some of the best in Europe, and understood the satisfaction of the mountaineer, the sense of achievement he must feel. I know the agonizing sensation of descending a rock face for the first time, being told there are splendid handholds and footholds all the way down, and finding only the merest niche for fingernails and roughness for bootnails. I have run down the scree forgetting all but the pleasure of having reached the summit, slipping and sliding back on to the heather and the long slog home.

I HAVE danced above the harbour until the dawn has broken, and glancing from the window seen the rising sun reflecting in pure magic on the dark water. I have collected white coral and cowrie shells from the hidden bay; I have sung to a seal; caught black rabbits; and dipped my fingers in the phosphorescent night sea. I have gathered mushrooms until I could carry no more, and wild mombresia and rowan berries. I have eaten wild raspberries, and mackerel straight out of the sea cooked in oatmeal and butter over a bonfire out on the hill. I have sensed the eerie presence of the "Little People," heard the songs of the Hebrides and the Gaelic tongue. Best of all I have married a "Lad from Skye."



Three views of the Isle of Skye. Opposite page, a hill road in the south. Above, leaving Luib on the way to Portree, the Red Hills in the background. Right, cloud on the hills at Carbost

Mrs. F. Smythe



Anita Bucknall from Newbury had won three rosettes at the show. Right: Mr. Eric Martin congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Tom Parker on winning the Coaching Marathon. Mr. Norman Male and Mrs. J. Edgar were fellow passengers



THE ROYAL COUNTIES SHOW AT BOURNEMOUTH

THE Royal Counties Show was held at Poole, Bournemouth, in brilliant weather, and 68,000 people attended during the four days. There was a large entry in the events organized by the Hackney Horse Society, and one of the excitements of the Show was the Coaching Marathon, the seven coaches making a stirring sight as they paraded round the ring before setting off for their country run



Jabeena Maslin, Carol Black and Jane Bullen were first, second and third in one of the children's classes



Annabella Sykes, Mrs. J. Hillier, Mr. H. J. Holleman and Mrs. Holleman, with Miss Jay-Jay Holleman



Miss Hazel Lewery, Miss Anne Holley and Miss Pat Corby



Miss Zia Foxwell and Miss Jillian Stokes, of the Beaufort Hunt P.C.



Jackie Standfield and Diana Wroth from Sussex were picnicking



Sir Berkeley Pigott, Bt., Miss Christine Mossman, Mr. R. A. Davies, Mr. G. C. Mossman, and Miss Pat Mossman before the start of the Coaching Marathon



Capt. Boone, the Earl of Northesk (referee), Mrs. Heatherall, and Capt. and Mrs. Burns, in the R.A.S.C. coach, the winning Military entry



Sir Nigel Colman, Bt., and Lady Colman (right) with their entry Nork Comet



Susan Fallen, Jill Osborne and Janet Hatfield grooming a grey pony

Victor Yorke

THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

THIS portrait study in oil-tempera of H.R.H. Princess Alexandra was painted by Dennis Ramsay at the request of the Duchess of Kent, and conjures up the natural beauty of a young girl on the threshold of life. Mr. Ramsay has worked with Pietro Annigoni in Florence and London, and his delicate painting has much in common with that of Annigoni. This portrait is now in an exhibition of his work at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery



Roundabout

• **Cyril Ray**

A HUNDRED and fifty miles or so from London—as far away as Grimsby, but in exactly the opposite direction—is the little fishing port of Honfleur, at the mouth of the Seine. With only a few precious days of early summer to be spared for a holiday, it was as far as we had time to travel, and we lazed and pottered round the Vieux Bassin (a picture of which by Edward Seago is reproduced on page 83), where the fishing boats put in, and now and again an adventurous small sailing boat from across the Channel.

Here the old houses, tall and thin, pensioners (though lived in, still) of the French Ministry of Fine Arts, huddle together to hold each other up; and fish that were in the sea that morning—infant sole and baby eels and a sort of fat sardine—are in Madame Prielec's frying-pan at midday. In her ancient half-timbered eating-house—that looks as though it had come out of a Renoir film, and ought to

have Jean Gabin leaning against the *zinc*—they are out of the frying-pan and on to your plate in no time at all, crisp and golden and sizzling, in a celestial sort of fish-fry.

THERE is a genuine, unaffected sailor-man's air about everything in Honfleur. The chapel up on the hill is hung with naval officers' swords from the days of Louis Philippe and earlier; with the models of modest little ships, crudely fashioned by pious fishermen in gratitude for the succour of Notre-Dame de Grace, and with the even cruder paintings of the storms they survived.

And the great church of Saint Catherine, down in the middle of the town, was built when the men of Honfleur knew little about how to build churches, but everything about how to build boats, so that the wooden roofs of nave and transepts bear a close resemblance to three up-

turned hulls, supported on timber beams.

In the cafés by the harbour, where you can always get a snack of mussels or of shrimps, fresh from the sea, and wash it down with a carafe of cider, or a nip of calvados, the habitués are real, not property, fishermen—red-faced, white-whiskered men from the boats whose masts you can see from your café table. Their peaked caps, jerseys, and sailcloth trousers are all faded to different shades of blue, so that altogether they present a patriotic patchwork of the colours of the French tricolour.

★ ★ ★

IT was on a brief sortie from Honfleur that we excursed upstream to Rouen, all bedecked this summer for the reopening of the Cathedral (restored at last after the damage of a dozen years ago) and for the quincentenary of Joan of Arc's

rehabilitation which, like her burning at the stake, took place in Rouen.

Joan of Arc lends herself even less happily than Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon to having furniture shops, garages and brands of coffee named after her (somehow one accepts streets and pubs) and there are lapses at Rouen even more lamentable than those at Stratford—the hands and arms of the medieval peasant girl fashioned from plaster in the window of a beauty shop, and chained to a pillar at that, to advertise a cosmetic cream, and an almost lifesize picture of Joan at the stake, in the showroom window of a ball-bearing firm, executed entirely in postage stamps. An even more remarkable instance of misplaced ingenuity, it seemed to me, than that famous Wembley Exhibition bust of the Prince of Wales fashioned from butter. . . .

And how odd that, in the otherwise excellent exhibition of arms and armour and illuminated manuscripts and ancient and modern books about Joan, and imagined pictures of her, there is not a hint of Bernard Shaw's play—no manuscript, or first edition, or pictures of any of the famous actresses who have played in it. For no one work has so reorientated our thinking about Joan, and her "voices," and about the Middle Ages generally, than Shaw's *Saint Joan*.

★ ★ ★

WHEREVER you go in France, these days, it seems, the favourite pet dog is the pomeranian—a breed I don't remember seeing here at home in England in any numbers for the past thirty years or so. When I was a boy, half the families we knew had "poms.") Whereas the poodle has become an English rather than a French pet in a mere ten years or so.

It must have been a French breed, though, for a long time. I have just been reading General Aspinall-Oglander's *Freshly Remembered*, his delightful life of Lord Lynedoch, the general of the Peninsular War, where he quotes a letter in which the general, after his victory at Barrosa against the French, writes of "a prisoner of War I have . . . a white poodle middling size, rather little than big, long and well-made, two brown ears, one of which has a piece cut off.

He belonged to General Rousseau, who was mortally wounded, and died before he could be brought in from the field. His cloak remained to cover some of the wounded men, and for above forty-eight hours this poor beast lay on a corner of it. I heard of this instance of attachment and had him sent for. At first he was very savage and melancholy. By degrees, and with kind usage he is become my inseparable companion. He follows me from one end of the room to the other, and never loses sight of me. He is one of those humdrum animals that prefers devoting himself to one exclusively to pleasing many . . ."

The general was writing to the woman at home with whom he had been long, and vainly, in love, and he offered to send her the poodle, "in order that he might remain an attached slave for life, and so be the happiest dog in Christendom." I wonder if



STIRLING MOSS, who was born in 1929, has won world-wide renown as a racing motorist. He began motor racing in 1946 and has since won many events, distinguishing himself by being the first Englishman to win the Italian Mille Miglia in 1955, and the British Grand Prix at Aintree in the same year. Among his other interests are water ski-ing, dancing and aviation. His sister Miss Pat Moss is well known in the show jumping world. His home is at White Cloud Farm, Tring

★ ★ ★

CAN there be any artist who lived so recently as Constantin Guys, about whom we know as little? I have been admiring the drawings exhibited at the Marlborough Galleries in Bond Street;

VALEDICTION

She's been Head Girl and now, before the "mike,"
She bids her school farewell. She's had her day
And, now the brook and river meet, regret
May tinge her parting speech on Founders' Day.

"No more tuck parcels, weighing half a ton,
No more 'please send me' this, that and the other,
No more school functions under sulky skies. . . ."
This is the glad song of the Head Girl's mother!

—Lorna Wood

those hurried glimpses of his, depicting in a flash the Crimean battlefield, the Second-Empire *cocotte*, or the Victorian state occasion; horses and dandies and cavalcades of carriages in the Park or the Bois; all incomparable in their animation, their pinning on to paper of living, moving people, caught in a moment of time.

It is astonishing to recall that a man who was born in the year of Trafalgar, and was at Missolonghi with Byron, lived on until the eighteen-nineties, so that people now alive might well have spoken to him, either in his own native Paris, or here in London, where he worked in Fleet Street; went to Balacava and Inkerman and Sebastopol for the *Illustrated London News*; and taught little English boys to draw, and to hate the Germans, saying to them that "I could eat a Prussian and lick my fingers."

He probably could—he had that sort of vigour. He lived to a ripe and unregenerate old age: he was eighty years old when he was run over by a carriage in Paris, and crippled for the last eight years of his life—run over, the story goes, because he had turned to look at a pretty woman.

Which reminds one, of course, of that happy story of old Tiger Clémenceau, sighing at the age of eighty-five, as a pretty Parisienne passed his café table: "Ah, if only I were five years younger!"

★ ★ ★

THE strong French flavour of my notes this week is largely coincidental, for it was after I had got back to London that I chanced to pick up a copy of that very serious monthly, *La Revue de Paris*, to find there a spirited and ingenious translation of a Damon Runyon story, *Little Miss Marker*, which had become *La Petite Miss Paris*.

It is many years since I first saw a Laurel and Hardy film in Paris, dubbed into French, and delighted to hear the improbable phrases coming from those unlikely lips. It was with much the same pleasure that I found that in *La Revue de Paris*, Sorrowful, one of the citizens that hang round Mindy's, had become Désolé, and that le Grand Nig, l'Éveillé, Joe la Flaupe, le même Pâlot, and Mikie l'Italo concealed more or less successfully the identities of those eminent Broadway personalities, Big Nig, Sleep-out, Wop Joey, the Pale-face Kid and Guinea Mike. Fats Finstein was still instantly recognizable as Finstein le Gros.

BUT the translator's skill had been exercised most effectively over Milk Ear Willie, "being a party who is once a prize fighter, which is the reason he is called Milk Ear Willie, and who is known to carry a John Roscoe in his pants pocket. . . ." This character becomes, in the French of the back streets behind the Place Pigalle, and out Ménilmontant way, Willie Plate-Esgourde, because he had an ear *tout amochée*, which introduced me immediately to a couple of words that my prim little French dictionary doesn't list—though it isn't hard to guess what the learned periodical means when it records that Willie was *bien connu* for carrying *un rigolo* in the pocket of his *grim pant*.



Miss Lucy Fisher, Mayoress of Kensington, and Mr. David Higham



Miss Madeleine Drage in conversation with Viscount Pollington

A DANCE IN BELGRAVIA

LADY BUTLER and Mrs. Stuart Johnstone recently gave a dance for their debutante daughters, Miss Caroline Butler and Miss Caroline Johnstone, at 6 Belgrave Square



Miss Caroline Butler and Miss Caroline Johnstone awaiting the arrival of their guests



Mr. David Walker was talking to Miss Alison Bradford



Miss Anita de Chair in company with Mr. Douglas Hill



Miss Anne Mostyn-Owen and Mr. William Hopton Scott

A. V. Swache



Miss Judy Grundy, Mr. John Preston
and Mr. Rory MacPherson



Mr. Edward Twentyman, Miss Sylvia
Paulin and Mr. Angus Wright

The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JULY 11,
1956
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Miss Rosemary Bland (St. Hilda's), who is
in the show, talking to Mr. John Gorrie

OXFORD'S REVUE AT HENLEY

THE Oxford Revue Group produced an amusing revue, "Who's for Tennis?" at the Kenton Theatre, Henley, to provide entertainment for visitors to the Royal Regatta, including the many University competitors and spectators. A party was held on the stage after the opening night, attended by the cast and their friends



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. A. Smith, Mr. S. Erskine-Hill, Miss Sheila Blanchard, Mr.
D. A. V. Boyle, Miss Janet Stephen and Miss Sandra Miller



Mr. Richard Francis, the producer, chat-
ting with Mrs. and Mr. H. R. M. Rickett

Mr. Michael Cox, who is in the cast, was
in conversation with Miss Clare Weston



Priscilla in Paris

TRAVEL RUGS AT NOTRE-DAME



F. J. Goodman
PRINCESS DE BEAUVAU-CRAON is the daughter of M. and Mme. Antenor Patino. The Prince owns the Chateau de Craon in Lorraine, built by Marc de Beauvau in 1721



"PARIS ALBUM" (W. H. Allen 16s.) is an enchanting book by Jean Cocteau, recalling the scenes of his youth. Three of his drawings are seen here



SINCE a good wine needs no bush and a good play no epilogue, surely it is true also that a beautiful town needs no dressing up. This especially if the dressing up entails unsightly hoardings, scaffoldings and a gaunt acreage of stands and seats.

If the hard-working staff of a travelling circus can set up their big top for a one-night stand and tear it down after the performance before dawn breaks, I do not see why the City Fathers cannot ensure that their far less over-worked City Servants be as courageously competent! When the *Cour carrée* of the Louvre, the *parvise* of the church of Notre-Dame or the gardens of the Palais Royal are used as grandiose backgrounds for pageants from the past the result may be magnificent by moon or floodlight, but under the midday sun the picture is different and it seems unfair to the visiting tourists who, having dreamed of "inestimable stones" are confronted with a scene as dreary as that minor cataclysm, an abandoned wood-yard.

HOWEVER, if the tourists are minded to paint the lily (which may be construed as "floodlight the stones"), to listen to superlatively well-canned music and to watch finely-drilled crowds manoeuvring adroitly to represent bygone excursions and alarms, they can always see "the show." These State subsidized productions cater for all purses which is more than can be said for privately-owned theatres and cinemas.

The fifteenth-century Passion play by Greban that was given on the *parvise* of the church of Notre-Dame this week was attended by a rapt crowd in spite of the cold night air. Wise spectators had brought travelling rugs, which may have caused amusement at 9 p.m. but were eyed with envy a little later. At the close of the pageant the 1,200 (or so) "supers" who had appeared during the course of the evening went home in their costumes; the dressing-room space that was available having been reserved for the stars.

UNDOUBTEDLY it was very amusing to see the Saints and the good ladies of Galilee tucking up their draperies and pedalling off on their pushbikes or straddling the pillion of the boy friend's scooter, but there was an uncomfortable moment for a small party of *noceurs* who had dined well but unwisely at the nearby Tour d'Argent. They found themselves in the midst of a compact body of red-clad demons who were returning, on foot, to Elian Dufort's dancing school. Complete with horns, spiked tails and pitchforks they were, indeed, most dev'lish satanic.

"Hell and damnation!" shuddered one of the *noceurs*.

"At your service, monsieur!" chorused the imps.

Jean Babilée who, a few seasons ago, created Jean Cocteau's dramatic ballet *Le*

Jeune Homme et la Mort is now dancing, with his own company, at the théâtre de Champs-Élysées. It was at that theatre, twenty-one years ago, that as a twelve-year-old schoolboy he saw René Blum's Russian Ballet and decided that he wanted to be a dancer. Twelve-year-olds do not have much to say, usually, in the choice of a career but Jean Babilée—who was not yet Babilée—was lucky to have a father who was exactly the right sort of person for a would-be dancer to have. He was Dr. Gutmann and he considered that physical fitness was the most important thing in the world. From that point of view he might as well have been a ballet dancer himself!

JEAN was allowed to enter the *Ecole de Danse* of the Grand Opera House. Later he made his début and danced there during the war; but he was an unruly member of the younger dancers who formed the "second quadrille" and was suspended for some time for having "tobogganed down the stairs in a dress-basket!" After "liberation" he joined the Ballet des Champs-Élysées and, departed, afterwards, on a world tour.

On the opening night this week the Ballets Jean Babilée presented two new works, *Sable* to the charming music of Maurice Leroux, when the dancers disported themselves on a sandy beach with so much joyous realism that we felt like joining them in a paddle.

THE second creation was *Le Caméléopard*—music by Henri Sauguet in which Babilée permits the ballet to become almost a pantomime.

The costumes and décors are strange and interesting. In *Variation and Balance à Trois*, a ballet of acrobatic inspiration, Babilée has his finest opportunity to display his technique and show us what a remarkable dancer he has become. Indeed, in dramatic power he shows a maturity that most dancers do not display until approaching the end of their careers—and Babilée is in full flight, being only in his middle twenties, with his greatest achievements probably still in the future. His première danseuse is Mlle. Jouvanka Biegovitch, the twenty-year-old star of the Opera at Belgrade. They form a magnificent couple.

All the well-known balletomanes of Paris were present from Lady Diana Cooper to Coco Chanel, Mme. Vallery-Radot to Mme. Schiaparelli, General Bethouart to Jean Desses. . . . Hidden away in a box, aloof and sombre (which is a polite way of saying sulky) Jean Cocteau was not even on speaking terms with himself! His famous ballet *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort* had been announced for the first programme, but, to our immense disappointment it was not given. Monsieur de Cuevas had refused to lend the décor!

Cadeaux vivantes

• The late Marie Laurencin, whose recent death has greatly saddened her many friends in Paris, was known to say: "Never refuse what life brings you, but do not ask for anything it withholds."



A SWEDISH PRINCESS MAKES THE GRAND TOUR

PRINCESS MARGARETHA of Sweden is the eldest grandchild of King Gustaf VI, and has three younger sisters and a younger brother who is the heir to the Swedish throne. The young members of the Swedish Royal Family are renowned for their vitality and charm, and Princess Margaretha, who is twenty-one, has lately had a most exciting Mediterranean tour. The journey started in Italy and from there to Greece, through the Aegean to Beirut and thence to Cairo. In Egypt she visited the pyramids, where this photograph was taken



*Miss Carol Barttelot and Mr. Nigel Barttelot
were sheltering from the rain*



*General and Mrs. Brocas Burrows and their son
Michael Brocas Burrows*

*Lady Chesham, the Hon. N. Cavendish, the Hon. Joanna
Cavendish, Peter Wilson and Hamish Gray-Cheape*



ON THE PLAYING

THE Eton and Winchester cricket match this year took place on Agar's Plough which had suffered from the heavy rain. Wykehamists and Etonians, with their families saw



*Maurice Jones-Mortimer, Miss Precelly Davies-
Scourfield and Mr. Charles Davies-Scourfield*



*Mr. John Horsbrugh-Porter
Lady Horsbrugh-Porter*



*R. M. S. Allan and D. C. le F. Edwards who
batted very well for Winchester*

FIELDS OF ETON

an evening match fought to a draw, Winchester's total being 309 to Eton's 97 and 144 for 3 above; W. G. A. Clegg (Eton) makes a fine effort to take a catch from R. M. S. Allan



*The Eton Eleven, led by their captain I. A. C.
Sinclair, taking the field*

*P. R. Stevens, captain of the Winchester Eleven, watches from
the pavilion with D. W. S. Dunlop and M. E. K. Steward*



*The Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor, Rupert Brett, Mrs.
F. W. Brett and Thomas Stonor watching the match*





At the Theatre

A NAVAL TYRANT IN COURT

"THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL" (Hippodrome). Lt. Barney Greenwald (David Knight) as an insubordinate junior officer, Lloyd Nolan who plays the part of Lt.-Cdr. Queeg, the neurotic captain forcibly removed from command of his ship during an emergency by his juniors, and Lt. Maryk (Nigel Stock) the prisoner's attorney. Below, Vivian Matalon plays Signalmen Junius Urban who feigns stupidity. Drawings by Emmwood

TRIAL scenes on the stage are said never to fail. In cold fact we can most of us recollect at least one instance of an author having put the wrong witnesses into the box with desolating effects on our spirits. The great strength of *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* at the Hippodrome is that there is no obvious staginess about the witnesses giving evidence for or against an officer of the American Navy charged with mutiny.

Humanly and professionally, they are of the same order of actuality as the story they are called on to elucidate. Their authenticity helps to establish not only the actuality of the case but the atmosphere of the court. As they come forward, one by one, each more or less conscious of the strangeness of being publicly examined and cross-examined, we are made aware, as though we were spectators at a real court martial, that all human beings exposed to the ordeal of the witness box repay careful attention.

The point at issue is exciting, and there is the additional pleasure of studying various contrasts of character which the actors seize the chance to exhibit.

The court's prisoner is accused of relieving his superior officer of his command at the height of a typhoon. For the defence it is pleaded that the deposed captain is a psycho-neurotic who had been for some time under his lieutenant's anxious observation and that if he had been left in command the ship might have sunk.

IN the witness box the captain shows no sign of neurosis. He professes utter amazement at the act of insubordination and suggests as a possible explanation that he, as a strict disciplinarian, may be the victim of a conspiracy among the officers of a ship he found badly in need of discipline. The prisoner's attorney, played by Mr. Nigel Stock, is an ambiguous character. He had not wanted to take the brief, but having taken it is resolved to get his client acquitted. Sensationally, he refuses to cross-examine the captain. So the decks are cleared, so to speak, for a tooth-and-nail conflict of evidence.

Mr. Herman Wouk manages this conflict with a great deal of art, mixing human interest with technical detail in such a way that we seem all the while to be forming opinions for ourselves without becoming unduly conscious of the author's con-

trolling hand. The playing is as light and as sensitive as it can be in a theatre much too big for court drama. Mr. Richard Newton cleverly suggests that a ship's officer who has approved the removal of his commander is both highly intelligent and of a dubious morality.

Mr. Vivian Matalon, amusingly, is the rating who has no intention of getting mixed up in a quarter-deck row and cheerfully takes refuge in hopeless stupidity.

MR. ESMOND KNIGHT is the bluffly confident expert in navigation. He is naturally on the side of authority, but a little finesse in cross-examination draws him into a position diametrically opposed to that which he had just taken up. There are two psychiatrists, Mr. Martin Wyldeck, a downy bird who knows all the answers and Mr. Alec McCowen, who is blissfully unconscious of his own learned silliness. But on balance, as it seems to us, a formidable case is made out against a junior officer who, however honest, strikes us when we have observed him in the witness box as a little brash in his reasoning. Mr. David Knight admirably hits off the type.

But when Mr. Wouk has adduced enough retrospective evidence to keep us in a speculative frame of mind he turns to the direct presentment of fact. The captain, recalled to the witness box by the defence, is goaded into anger. The angrier and the more indignant and self-exculpatory he becomes the more he talks, and the more he talks the more plainly there emerges the neurosis which might well unfit him for command in a crisis. Mr. Lloyd Nolan gives a fine performance as a man who is giving himself away, knows that he is giving himself away, and can do nothing about it. This performance brings the trial scene to a tremendous climax, and there surely the play should end.

Mr. Wouk unfortunately has other ideas and insists on an epilogue which instead of continuing to discuss the question whether the captain was fit to command his ship at a particular moment of time, enters irrelevantly into the nature of his past service. But the epilogue is brief and should not imperil the popularity of a successful trial scene.



—Anthony Cookman



The art of the ballerina captured in a new medium

THIS photograph of Nadia Nerina, the beautiful South African born ballerina, as she appears in "Giselle," is the work of Edwin Smith. In it he has evolved a combination of photography and drawing—a process to which he has given the name "Fotodisegno"—to recapture the nostalgia of the classical ballet. Mlle. Nerina is now dancing at Liverpool during a tour with Alexis Rassiné

At the Pictures

SIR CAROL'S CIRCUS

WHEN a film is called *Trapeze*, one can be fairly confident that it is about a circus—and when Sir Carol Reed is named as its director, one hopes for a story a little removed from the general, handled with the integrity of a true artist and a fine, knightly disdain for the tastes of the groundlings and the demands of Big Brother in the box office.

On the first count, one is not betrayed. *Trapeze* is indeed about a circus—the Paris Cirque d'Hiver—and everything one expects to see at a circus is there: lions, giraffes, tumblers, dancers, equestriennes poised on the backs of Suffolk-Punchlike beasts as graceful as grand-pianos on four legs, clowns, bears, horses of the *haute école* tossing plumed heads, trampolinists, acrobats and, of course, aerialists.

It is on the second count that one feels somewhat let down. The story opens well—with Mr. Tony Curtis, an ambitious young aerialist, persuading Mr. Burt Lancaster, a now-crippled one-time star of the trapeze, to team up with him (as “catcher” to his “flier”) and teach him the secret of the triple aerial somersault. But with the entrance of wasp-waisted Signorina Gina Lollobrigida, it begins to degenerate into the conventional triangle-on-the-trapeze drama, familiar to me since I saw the German film, *Variété*, something like twenty-five years ago.

THAT Signorina Lollobrigida, a ruthlessly scheming hussy—determined to get into the act and the spotlight—will split up the partnership of Messrs. Curtis and Lancaster is obvious at first glance: *how* she will do this is equally obvious, so there isn't really much suspense.

Sir Carol cannot be blamed for the story—though he might, perhaps, have stood out against the Signorina's sudden change of character at the end: I do feel, though, he has here and there made unworthy concessions—particularly in that lingering, upside-down kiss on the high trapeze, which is decidedly box-officey.

He has admittedly filmed most beautifully the training of Mr. Curtis, the trapeze act itself, and the awful moment, carefully prepared, when the triple somersault is performed without a safety net.

The colour is curiously crude. Admittedly circuses are traditionally garish, but there is something false about the unweathered, relentless, bright sugar-bag blue and pillar-box red that dominate this one. The lighting, too, is strangely harsh—even the poky dressing rooms are bathed in the glare of powerful arcs. One had expected something rather more subtle from Sir Carol.

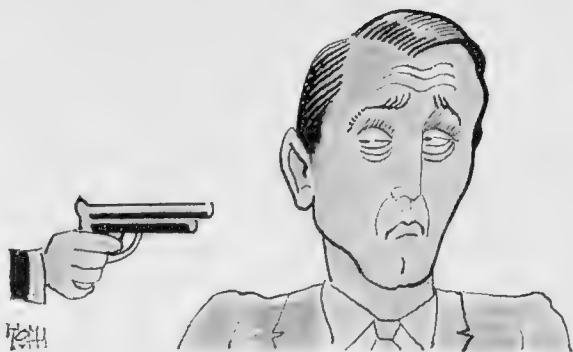
Mr. Burt Lancaster, very much at home on the trapeze, is splendid—and Mr. Curtis, whose famous hair-cut tends to lend him a cretinous appearance, gives a jolly good performance. Signorina Lollobrigida, playing in English for the first time, is persuasively a bit of a chienne-on-the-make but not quite convincing as a woman in love. I found her rather less seductive in black sequins over tightly laced stays than she was in the garb she affected in her early Italian films—a raggedy old cotton frock and positively nothing else.

WHAT a film called *Odongo* would be about, I couldn't guess: it seemed from the introductory chant—“Odongo, Odongo, all the animals love Odongo”—that (cinema straying into the commercial TV field) it might be advertising some patent pabulum for our four-footed friends. Even after seeing the film, I couldn't be sure what it was up too. It looked to me like a skit on “Safari”-style pictures to end all “Safari”-style pictures: nobody, I just knew, could be expected to take seriously pompous Mr. MacDonald Carey, as a Big White bring-'em-back-alive Hunter, or Miss Rhonda Fleming, as a glamorous, red-headed vet, who trips blithely across the veldt, squeaking at naughty clouds of locusts, cooing at enraged rhinos, and facing hungry crocodiles with a small shotgun and the aplomb of Mr. Victor Mature. On second thoughts, though. . . . Oh, well—never mind. Intentionally or unintentionally, it's frightfully funny.



LISA GASTONI, the twenty-year-old Italian star under contract to British Lion, plays a leading role in the Eastman Colour comedy, *The Baby And The Battleship*, filmed in Naples and Malta. She plays the elder sister of Baker the Bambino, the baby whose presence aboard one of Her Majesty's ships during a N.A.T.O. exercise shakes the unruffled calm of the Senior Service. John Mills (below) is landed with the baby, but rises to the occasion superbly and he and shipmates succeed in keeping it clean, fed, and for some time undiscovered with remarkable ingenuity





ROBERT MITCHUM is driven at a gun's point over half Europe in *Foreign Intrigue*, an excellent thriller

A bare-footed, small, sturdy, nine-year-old Australian urchin, Master Colin Petersen, with an excruciating accent and a face like a dear little freckled turnip, has the title rôle in *Smiley*—Mr. Anthony Kimmins's delightful screen version of Mr. Moore Raymond's endearing book. This simple story of a boy can stand comparison with Mr. Mark Twain's immortal *Huckleberry Finn*: I can, off-hand, think of no higher praise.

Ragamuffin Smiley, son of a drunken drover (Mr. Reg Lye) and a decent, grim-faced washer-woman (Miss Margaret Christensen), sets himself the almost impossible task of saving up four quid to buy a bicycle. Among those who help and hinder him are Sir Ralph Richardson, a jovial parson, Mr. Chips Rafferty, a stern, stringy police sergeant, and Mr. John McCallum, a smooth-spoken rogue of a publican. Emerging, round-eyed, from a series of scrapes in which he is more or less innocently involved, Smiley at last gets his bike. That's all there is to it—except some impressive shots of the Australian landscape—and I don't know when I've liked a little boy or a modest picture more. It's a fair dinkum film—something to take the children to in the hols.

AN attempt, utterly vain, has been made in *Gaby* to bring Mr. Robert E. Sherwood's *Waterloo Bridge* up to date. It was a story, you may remember, about a girl, who, in World War One, was told that her fiancé had been killed: regretting that she had never, as they say, given herself to him, she gives herself to a number of other soldiers—and is overcome with remorse when he returns alive. It is as much a period piece as a World War One private's puttee.

Mlle. Leslie Caron, her elfin charm in total eclipse under a heavy make-up and a curly black coiffure, suffers miserably in the title rôle—as a World War Two ballet dancer. This is a film that should never have been made—set in a London that never was.

In *Foreign Intrigue*, Mr. Robert Mitchum, looking a shade brighter and far healthier than usual, is bent on finding out where his dead employer, a multi-millionaire, got his money. His investigations take him from the south of France to Vienna—a city apparently devoid of local inhabitants—and Stockholm, and entangle him with two comely Swedish girls (Frøkeners Genevieve Page and Ingrid Tulean) and an odd little man (Mr. Frederick O'Brady), as bald as a billiard ball. There are many surprises—not the least of which is that the film carries an urgent and quite menacing message.

—Elspeth Grant



GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA is the disturbing factor of a triangle in *Trapeze* unbalancing Tony Curtis and Burt Lancaster



Frank Buckingham

SYLVIA SYMS is a young actress who made a big impact recently in her first film, *My Teenage Daughter*, in which she played the part of a "crazy mixed up kid." Miss Syms, who is twenty-two years old, studied at R.A.D.A. and had been in repertory for some time before she was spotted in a play on television, and won a film contract



ANDRES VELASQUEZ plays the part of Pablito, a small boy looking for a horse in Walt Disney's film *The Littlest Outlaw*. The search for Conquistador, doomed to be destroyed for causing injury to his owner's daughter, leads Pablito into a series of adventures, until he finds the horse and all ends well

JOHN FRASER is a young Scottish actor from Glasgow who is to play the part of Inigo Jollifant in the film version of J. B. Priestley's *The Good Companions*. He is under contract to Associated British Studios, has recently completed a season at the Old Vic, and has acted on television, on radio and in films. Eric Portman, Celia Johnson and Janette Scott also play leading roles in *The Good Companions*

Bob Penn



THE MAGIC OF OPERA

A SCENE from "Die Entführung Aus Dem Serail," one of the operas produced at Glyndebourne this year, in a season devoted entirely to the work of Mozart. The photograph shows Mattiwilda Dobbs as Constanze and Arnold Van Mill as Osmin in the superb and lavish costumes and decor by Oliver Messel, which add greatly to the enchantment of the opera



Tony Armstrong Jones

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

THE LAIRD WHO WENT TO WAR

CECIL ASPINALL-UGLANDER'S *Freshly Remembered* (Hogarth, 25s.) fulfils the claim of its title. Here is a biography which has been drawn largely from family papers, intimate letters—and such documents, however far back their date, do by some magic keep the bloom of "today." Though also the author has had resort to official records—for the affairs of the nation, in peace and war, occupied Thomas Graham, first and last Lord Lynedoch. This is the story of a country gentleman, seventh Laird of Balgowan, who took to soldiering in his middle years (almost, it might be said, by chance) and proceeded to cover himself with glory.

Nor did his lustre fade when his war ended. Few have made so varied a use of a long life.

And long it was. Born in 1743, Thomas Graham did not die till 1843. His existence spanned the area of immense change between George III's reign and Queen Victoria's. General Aspinall-Oglander has done well in giving such a figure its frame of history. But chiefly, I think, *Freshly Remembered* will be freshly remembered as a study of temperament, of the inner man. Thomas Graham was driven to action as an escape from grief. Had fate not dealt him a cruel blow, one whole side of him might have stayed undeveloped.

SPORT, and the administration of his estate, were enough at the outset for this young man who was content with things as he found them. The death of two elder brothers left him heir to Balgowan, but does not seem to have brought sadness into his boyhood. At his majority, he entered into the enjoyment of a considerable fortune; he was by blood related to most of the great families of Scotland. His mother (*née*

Lady Christian Hope, daughter of Charles first Earl of Hopetoun) was an ideal one—sympathetic, not "dominating." His way of life agreeably corresponded with the pattern ordained for gentlemen of his day and station. Upon leaving Oxford, he spent three years on the Continent, then came home to take up life at Balgowan. Political ambition remained unstirred; however, he did the orthodox thing in standing for Perth, in the Whig interest. He was defeated by six votes.

In 1774, when Thomas was thirty-one, he met Mary, one of the four enchanting daughters of Lord Cathcart. Here was his idol, his fate: he became the husband of (it was said) the most beautiful woman of her time.

GAINSBOROUGH was commissioned to paint the bride: young Mrs. Graham, pensively leaning her elbow on the base of a column, is immortalized for us in her slender, poetic elegance. What wonder that life went by in a long dream? In 1775, the American Revolution filled outraged Britain with patriotic fervour: Thomas Graham's contemporaries, other young men, were on all sides volunteering to fight "the rebels." At Balgowan, however, the fanfare remained unheard. The childlessness of the couple left their idyll only the more undisturbed—the end was to come, remorselessly, in another way.

Mary, like others of her family, was fatally consumptive. Changes of climate, changes of residence were tried. In the last of those desperate journeys in search of health, Thomas and his beloved passed through a France then in the

throes of the Revolution. Mary died at Hyères, in 1792. One may wonder whether the outrage done to her coffin, in the course of that long mournful homecoming to Balgowan, first lit in Thomas that hatred of "red" France?

TRAGEDY brought to birth a new Thomas Graham. Home was no more home to him; a devastating restlessness possessed him—till, slowly, his waiting destiny took form. Sailing

to the Mediterranean as a guest in the British fleet, he landed at Toulon as volunteer A.D.C. to the British commander, and quickly displayed such an unexpected talent for soldiering that he decided to make a career for himself in the army. The just-not-absurdity of Graham's drive into battle in a cab (he could not get hold of a horse, he was in a hurry) is charming. Out of that same action at Toulon there emerged yet another character not yet noted. On the enemy side, a youthful Corsican officer was in temporary charge of General Carteaux's

guns—that artillery captain's name was Napoleon Bonaparte. Graham's estimation of Bonaparte is on record.

HE returned to London obsessed by the war. He obtained permission to raise a regiment of foot; he did so—the 90th Regiment (Perthshire Volunteers) in a remarkably short time came into being, though he was not, as things turned out, to share its fortunes. His own official career was for a long time mysteriously



[Continued on page 97]

Some new books for seafarers

• GABOR DENES •



A BACKWATER IN HONFLEUR—the Vieux Bassin—from “With Capricorn To Paris” illustrated by the author, artist Edward Seago, who took his boat from Norfolk to the French capital



Two more of the pictures with which Mr. Seago illustrates his book. Above: “The Seine at Andeley” and below: “Île de la Cité,” with Notre-Dame rising beyond the Pont de l’Archeveque



A CRUISING book written very much from the woman's point of view is **Yankee's Wander-World**, by Irving and Electa Johnson (Robert Hale, 21s.). Of its two American authors, Mrs. Johnson seems to have written in the first person nine-tenths of this entertaining account of an eighteen months voyage round the world in the brigantine Yankee. It is the Johnsons' third such voyage, and it is pretty obvious that they know which are the best ports of call by now.

With their crew of young men and women (all P.G.s) they prefer to give the obvious places a miss, and visit the more interesting out-of-the-way islands and harbours instead. Thus a great deal of unusual geographical and anthropological detail is collected, and the book only occasionally suffers from a slight “travelogue”-ishness. Mrs. Johnson is a good observer, who enjoys meeting people of every kind, writes with her own brand of humour, and as a social organizer must have been a great asset to her husband during the cruise.

Shiplovers and sailors will also enjoy reading the only chapter written by Mr. Johnson, in which he describes Yankee, one of the last of the North Sea pilot boats.

BEAUTIFULLY produced and illustrated, **Navigation Without Numbers**, by Joseph B. Breed (Faber and Faber, 21s.), propounds an entirely new and unique method of navigation by solving spherical triangles entirely by geometric construction instead of mathematical calculations and navigational tables. For those who can still remember the principles of trigonometry from school this method may commend itself, while others, who wish to continue using the tables, will be able to do so with a much clearer understanding of the reasons why. And if you don't practise the art of celestial navigation at all, you will still enjoy the book as a most amusing refresher course in geometry.

EDWARD SEAGO'S **With Capricorn To Paris** (Collins, 21s.) is the rollicking story of Capricorn's door-to-door voyage from her owner's home on the Norfolk Broads via the English Channel and the Seine, to the Pont Alexandre III in Paris. Travelling this way Capricorn becomes the artists floating studio, and Mr. Seago's pleasure in the trip is well conveyed by his writing and the delightful sketches he has drawn.

This is not a yachting yarn in the true sense, the author does not claim to be an experienced sailor, the voyage is comparatively easy and common, but Mr. Seago's personality and his artistic eye make the report into a fascinating book.

MANY people who do not own their own vessel, wish to enjoy the pleasures of a holiday afloat. For them there is a compact and authentic little guide **Holidays In Boats**, by F. H. Snoxell (Temple Press, 7s. 6d.). It is packed with accurate information on the handling of small craft, and with details of where and how sailing and motorboats can be chartered in estuaries, inland waterways and in several places on the Continent. Even if you have not contemplated such a holiday, reading Mr. Snoxell's book is very likely to implant a desire to experiment.

By

Isobel Vicomtesse
d'Orthez*Fashion Editress*

THE CORE OF STYLE

WITH all new fashions come new foundations. From time immemorial women have forced themselves into steel and bone horrors to achieve the shape demanded by the current fashion. Nowadays, foundation garments are made in light, supple fabrics which give support where it is needed, for example Au Fait's high waisted girdle (left) in nylon lace elastic, 51s. 6d., or Warner's light feminine step-in (below) power net sides, satin elastic back, and lace front panels 79s. 6d. Flowered housecoat from Fenwicks. Au Fait's black corselette (opposite) is in nylon net with wired bra, £5 19s. 6d.

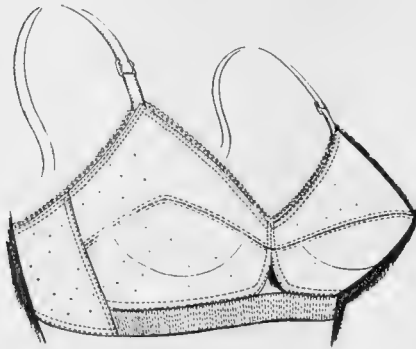




Michel Molinare



From Gossard's Perma-Lift range, obtainable in September, embroidered nylon elastic bra. Price 30s.



A cotton bra with an elastic under cup and plunge neckline. Price 10s. 6d., from Gossard

Groundwork for outlines

FOUNDATION garments as well as being light and comfortable are now designed for every type of figure and requirement, adapted for the deep décolletage, for wearing with severely tailored clothes or under a tightwaisted evening dress with a bouffant skirt. The white net elastic girdle (below, left) has striped satin front panels which are lightly boned. Trubenzied waistband and zip side. By Silhouette, 63s. "Warner's Original" Merry Widow (opposite) is strapless with a high bustline in nylon lace and lined with nylon marquisette, with elastic marquisette at sides and back; 6½ gns.

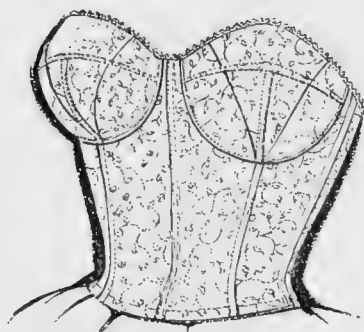




Michel Molinare



A Perma-Lift bra made wholly of nylon elastic with nylon lace cups, cross-stitched and lined with marquisette. Price 42s.



Deep strapless bra in embroidered nylon marquisette, wired underneath and lightly boned, fitted waist. Perma-Lift at 45s.



A long-line bra in embroidered nylon marquisette with nylon elastic panel at front, adjustable back fastening. Perma-Lift 37s. 6d.

A BULLETIN ON NYLONS

FOR the woman buying stockings today it is sheer delight—no more the agonizing search for the finest and strongest, the stocking counters in the stores are piled with dozens of makes, weights, sizes and colours. All firms offer a wonderful selection and with the recent introduction of “stretch” and seamless stockings, there seems little more to ask.

ARISTOC have several sheer luxury stockings on the market: “Mistique” a stocking for special occasions, 12 denier yarn is used on 60 gauge machines and this quality has a very lightly reinforced foot which makes this stocking most suitable for open sandal shoes. It is made available in a special presentation pack containing “a pair and a spare”—price 18s. 9d.

IF you need a strong but sheer stocking try “Vidura,” a twin thread stocking. Price 12s. 6d. BALLITO have introduced many new shades this season.

Their very latest stocking is made from Agilon yarn and is seam free. Soft and absorbent, they wear excellently in spite of their fineness. Their special construction reduces the risk of snagging and they cannot wrinkle. Price 9s. 11d.

BERKSHIRE have their very excellent “Kantrun-mesh” stretch stocking, 60 gauge 15 denier with non-run top and non-run toe ring, and a 60 gauge 15 denier plain everyday nylon with non-run top and non-run toe ring. Price 9s. 11d. CHARNOS, the pioneers of all weights of stretch nylons, have recently introduced “Creme Clouds,” a 30 denier stretch which comes in several flattering shades. Price 14s. 11d. If you like a heavier stocking then you will want to buy “Sturdies.” Price 19s. 11d.

NIKE nylons are delightfully set out in floral gift packs. They do several weights: from a service weight made with specially heavy reinforcements at the wearing points, 9s. 11d., to a 60 gauge 15 denier pinpoint mesh, 12s. 11d. BALLERINA also have a new lovely sheer stretch stocking, price 11s. 9d. and a very interesting 60 gauge 15 denier stocking in ladder-proof lace. Price 10s. 11d. All Ballerina stockings from 7s. 11d. upwards have a ladder-proof band in the welt and toe. MARTYN H. FISHER have a new 30 denier two-way stretch nylon made in non-run mesh which comes in three sizes—price 13s. 11d.

The latest news from KLINGSIL is of a micromesh knit, elegant looking stocking which costs 9s. 11d. All Klingsil stockings, mesh, stretch or plain are the one price.

ENGLISH ROSE do several varied weights and prices ranging from 8s. 11d. These include very lovely summer shades. Last but by no means least, BEAR BRAND, who regularly introduce new and interesting discoveries on the stocking field, have recently introduced the ideal stocking for dancing called “Spring step.” It is a sheer stocking with a stretch crepe foot. Price 9s. 11d.

On the opposite page are shown a pair of Ballito's fully-fashioned lace mesh stockings, price 11s. 6d., with Kayser Bondor's Fiesta slip in pink nylon jersey, which comes in a wide range of sizes and exotic colours, from 49s. 11d. The half slip is white nylon net over nylon crackle taffeta embroidered with red roses. Price 69s. 11d.



Gay and unusual for the summer are these shoes in white kid, printed with racing scenes. By Ferragamo, price 12 gns. From Marshall and Snelgrove



A pair of smart and comfortable shoes for cocktails or the evening, in black suede, open-toed, sling back heels. By Holmes at Dickins and Jones, price £4 9s. 11d.



An extremely chic pair of black patent leather shoes by Hutchings. The heels which look so fragile are chromium plated aluminium. Price 8 gns.





CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

A TOUCH OF ROSES

AN enchanting combination of dress and coat for the evening has been devised by Elizabeth Henry. The romantic short evening dress is in black spotted net over lime green taffeta and has a strapless bodice and harem skirt touched off at the waist by deep red roses and sash to tone with the coat. The coat is in claret coloured duchesse dogana and has a plain simple front, the interest being in the full sweeping back and wide sleeves. Dress £37 16s., coat £22 10s.; together 57 gns. From Dickins and Jones. The flowered hat worn with the coat is £8 18s. 6d., white suède gloves, 52s. 6d., multi-coloured evening shoes, 89s. 11d., black suède gloves, 57s. 6d., bead, pearl and rhinestone necklace, £5 17s. 6d., ear-rings, 19s.

Photographs by John French





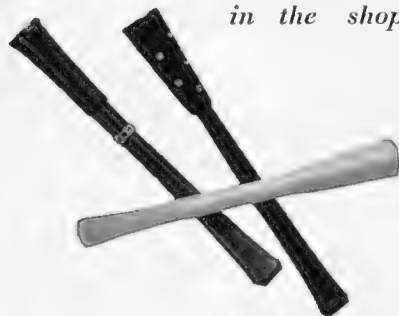
Chinese embroidered evening bag with a pearl-top frame and chain handle, price £12 10s. Obtainable from Finnigans

Luxon spongeable leather 'bag' for summer days, £5 18s. 6d., and a pure silk scarf, French, £3 9s. 6d., from Debenham and Freebody



To harmonize with the new outfit

A BAG, a scarf or a pair of gloves can make or mar the smartest outfit, and need careful choosing. Here are some useful and attractive examples from the large selection in the shops — JEAN CLELAND



Ejector-type cigarette holders come in a variety of colours and can be bought at most stores and tobacconists from 2s. 6d.

A charming small gilt compact to slip into an evening bag. It costs £1 19s. and comes from Fortnum and Mason

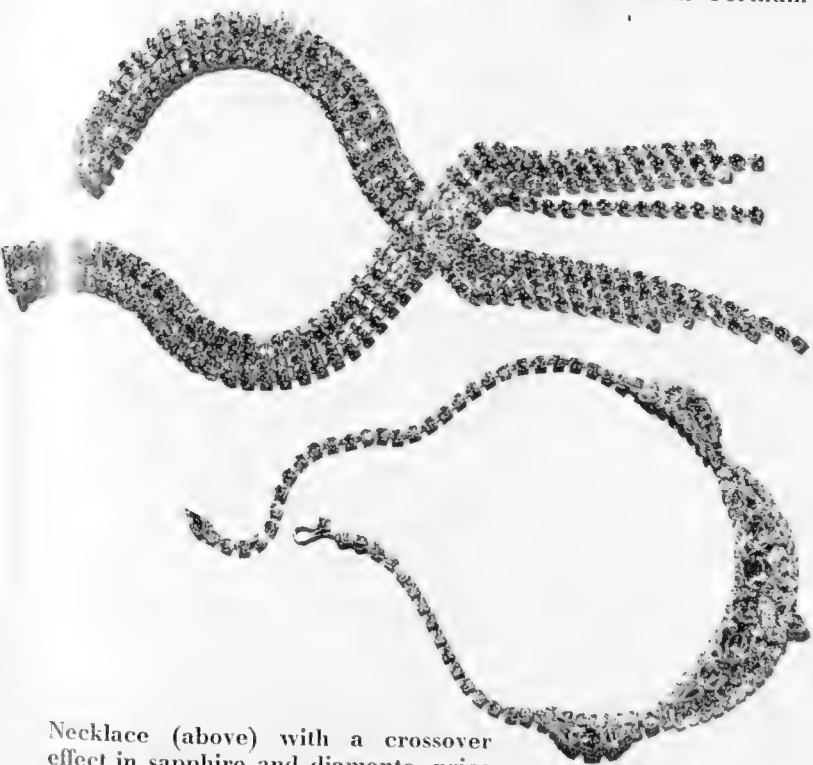


An original Marcel Franck scent spray with decorations by Raymond Peynet. Price £2 6s. 9d. Obtainable at Woollands



Gloves for garden parties in pastel shades, long pair of French kid 53s. 6d., short pair 27s. 6d., from Marshall and Snelgrove

French kid bag with flower clasp £67 15s. 6d. Dior "Etoile du Soir" necklace £24, brooch £9 10s., ear clips £4 6s. Obtainable from Fortnum and Mason



Necklace (above) with a crossover effect in sapphire and diamante, price £4 14s. 6d., and (below) blue stones £7 7s., from Marshall and Snelgrove



Dennis Smith

Beauty

Recipe for youth

To talk for ten minutes with Rose Laird, world-famous beauty culturist, is as bracing as filling your lungs with a good stiff sea breeze. She literally *blows* the years away, until you feel that the word "age" has no significance whatever. When I met her at the Dorchester recently, after not seeing her for some years, she seemed to have grown younger instead of older. "I'm eighty years young," she told me, and believe me, that "young" was the operative word. In point of fact, she will not be eighty until December, but what are a few months here or there to a girl like Rosie, as her friends affectionately call her.

I have known Rose Laird since the first time she came to England, which was away back when I was just beginning to write on beauty, and her vitality, vigour and tremendous zest for life is as great today as it was then. The years have done nothing to impair it. If she has a secret, I would think that it is this—"DON'T SAG." "Keep the knees back girls," she says, and "girls" embraces women of all ages, including me!

BEAUTY, she firmly believes, begins at the feet, and how very right she is. "Bad posture," she said to me, "starting early in life, and carried on, brings weight to bear on muscles in the wrong places, and the body becomes one continuous muscular droop from the feet *right up to the throat and jaw.*" Her "Don't Sag" applies not only to the body, but to one's mental attitude and general outlook. "Take an interest in your appearance," says Rose Laird. "This isn't vain, it's intelligent. To look after yourself is to face the world with confidence. You have just *one* face and it's the only one you'll *ever* have, so you might as well make the best of it."

I was particularly interested in a brand new treatment which can be done at home, and which Rose Laird brought with her from New York. This is called the "New Thelium Beauty Ritual," and is based on balanced skin moisture. The idea is that you can cleanse and revitalize your skin without fear of disturbing the oil balance. If it is dry, you can also stimulate it without any risk of accentuating the dryness.

FIRST, cleanse with Thelium Liquid Cleanser, which is a soft creamy emulsion. Work it well into the skin, from the neck and upwards over the face, and then wipe off with tissues. You will find that it cleanses deeply. Next, massage with Thelium Massage Cream. Rose Laird's advice is to "knuckle" it in all along the contours and the jaw-line, and then knead it gently up the neck and face. Blot the excess cream away, and leave it to do its work of nourishing and smoothing out the skin during the night. In the morning, cleanse again with the Liquid Cleanser, and then stimulate with Thelium Skin Bracer. For an evening "pick-me-up" before going to a party, use the Thelium Liquid Masque. Unlike most masques, this is a lotion. Pat it on, leave for about ten minutes, and then wipe it off with a damp towel. If you are feeling weary, it revives you wonderfully quickly, and completely wipes out that tired look, which is death to the fun of a party.

So much for home treatment. Those who live in London, or sufficiently near to visit the well-known salons for expert attention, will be interested to hear of an exciting innovation by Delia Collins, who announces the "Six O'Clock Cocktail." "There must," she says, "be a break between the busy day and the carefree evening." So, if you want to put on a "New Look" with your evening dress, go along to 40 Sloane Street, at 5, 5.30 or 6 o'clock, relax for an hour, and let the experts get cracking. In sixty lovely restful minutes—restful for *you* that is, not for them—by means of massage and skilful make-up, they will make you over anew.

This seems to me to be an excellent service at just the right time of day. Remember it next time you are shopping—buying yourself a new dress—and spend just a little extra on a new face to go with it.

—Jean Cleland

A charming hairstyle by French of London showing an effective use of "scatterpins." These sparkling pins can be bought at 7s. 9d. a dozen at most leading hairdressers





Vandyke

Miss Sally Foster, only daughter of Mr. W. A. Foster, of Shore House, Bosham, Hants, and Mrs. V. Foster, of East Lodge, Down End, Fareham, Hants, is engaged to Capt. Euan Inchbald, the son of Major and Mrs. P. E. Inchbald, of Wraxall Manor, Dorchester, Dorset

Miss Christine Florence Maitland, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. Kenneth Maitland, of Digswell Place, Welwyn, Herts, is to marry Mr. Christopher Edward Grace, the second son of Admiral Sir John Grace, K.B.E., C.B., and Lady Grace, of Longacre, Liss, Hampshire



Harlip



Lenart

Miss Cleone Cory-Wright, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cory-Wright, of Mackerye End, Herts, is engaged to marry Mr. John Wedgwood Thellusson Wood, elder son of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Claud Thomas Wood, M.C., M.A., and Mrs. Wood, of Redcote, Harpenden, Hertfordshire

THEY ARE ENGAGED

Miss Deborah Donne-Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Donne-Smith, of Groom's, London Road, Herts, has announced her engagement to Mr. David John Ridley, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. E. Ridley, of Mill Moorings, Felstead, Essex



Pearl Freeman

Miss Ursula Paver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. G. Paver, of Bash, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, is engaged to Mr. Roland Alexander d'Ivry Russell, son of the late Comte de Richard d'Ivry and Lady Russell of Liverpool, and adopted son of Lord Russell of Liverpool, of Middlefield, Burley, New Forest



Fayer

Miss Rosemary Rachel Deas, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Deas, of Watery Gate, Weston-sub-Edge, Campden, Glos, is to marry Mr. Peter George Culcheth Holcroft, elder son of Sir Reginald Holcroft, Bt., and Lady Holcroft, of Wrentnall House, Pulverbatch, Shrewsbury

THEY WERE MARRIED



Drinkwater—Sharwood. Mr. Collingwood Peter Drinkwater, the Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Drinkwater, of The Groves, Braddan, I.o.M., married Miss Belinda R. Sharwood, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Sharwood, of Four Acres, Harefield, Middx., at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Bonham-Carter—Pares. The wedding took place at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, between Mr. Gerard Edmund David Bonham-Carter, second son of Air/Cdre. and Mrs. D. W. F. Bonham-Carter, of Mariners Cottage, Felixstowe Ferry, Suffolk, and Miss Amber Jane Pares, elder daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. Martin Pares, of Cheyne Court, Chelsea

F. Ziranek



Macready — Kitson. Mr. Anthony Macready, only son of Brig. J. Macready and Mrs. Macready, of Hythe, Kent, was married to Miss Susan Jane Pauline Kitson, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kitson, of Hazelwood, Hennock, South Devon, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Beale—Cubitt. Mr. George Gerrard Beale, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Beale, of Riverdale Farm, Gwelo, married Miss Halcyon Mary Bickley Cubitt, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Cubitt, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, at the Catholic Cathedral, Salisbury



Westlake—Isaac. The wedding took place at St. John's Wood Church between Mr. Donald Westlake, son of Mrs. Westlake and the late Mr. Westlake, of Axbridge, Somersetshire, and Miss Gillian Isaac, daughter of Mr. J. W. Isaac, and Mrs. Isaac, of St. James's Close, London, N.W.8

Russell Jarvis

Fenton—Seaborne. Mr. John Hirst Fenton, eldest son of Sir William and Lady Fenton, of Fieldhead, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, married Miss Juanita Seaborne, elder daughter of Mr. Hadleigh Seaborne, of Knowle, Warwickshire, and of the late Mrs. Seaborne, at the Parish Church, Knowle



"SQUIRE" CHAPLIN—the first Viscount Chaplin, a *Vanity Fair* drawing by Ape, which is one of the illustrations in *The Squire And His Relations* by Esme Wingfield-Stratford, D.Sc. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford tells the history of the squirearchy from Chaucer's time till its near extinction in the early part of this century. The book is published by Cassell at 42s.



Book Reviews

[Continuing from page 82]

and obstinately baulked by the Duke of York, who, as Commander-in-Chief, refused to grant him a regular commission—the Duke, it ought to be said, became one of Graham's staunchest supporters later. Effective as acting officer of high rank, our hero remained an unpaid volunteer. As such, he endured claustrophobia in Malta, and again when attached to the Austrians in French-besieged Mantua—from which he made a sensational escape.

The anti-Napoleonic war was, if not global, far-reaching European—of this one is reminded by General Aspinall-Oglander, whose accounts of various campaigns (from the Thomas Graham angle) are clear and lively. Our hero's high point was his appointment as Second-in-Command to Wellington in the Peninsula. The Spain part of *Freshly Remembered* is most gripping. Barossa (which sent Graham up into well-earned fame) and Corunna are among battles pictured. These chapters of military history are the brighter for military portraits—notably, for instance, Sir John Moore's. National idolization, the blaze of glory, culminated in Graham's becoming Lord Lynedoch—against which he protested: where was his heir? "I stand alone," he sombrely pointed out.

Civilian life, in the meantime, has not been overlooked. Nothing over, for long, interrupted hunting. Graham's happy Naples association with Sir William Hamilton and his wife, the too-famous Emma loved by Lord Nelson, fills rewarding pages. So does his late-life friendship—would that it could have been more!—with lovely, happily-married Lady Asgill: his letters to her, fortunately preserved, keep alive sentimental interest for much of the way. *Freshly Remembered* should add to the author's laurels as a biographer. *Admiral's Wife*, *Admiral's Widow*, *Funwell Symphony* and *Roger Keyes* already stand to his name.

★ ★ ★

JOHN HERSEY, author of that masterpiece of reportage, *Hiroshima*, and that fiction epic of men at bay, *The Wall*, is the author of a new novel, *A Single Pebble* (Hamish Hamilton, 11s. 6d.). Unlike *The Wall*, *A Single Pebble* is short. Not a word overloads, or lessens, the dramatic effect of this story of a voyage up China's awesome Yangtze River, on a trading junk, in the 1920s. The narrator, the only "Western" on board, is a young American engineer—by this means surveying the Yangtze for a site for a great dam.

The junk takes its ever-perilous course up-river in the manner which has prevailed for four thousand years. But the drama of the Yangtze is not the only one. Here, in the person of the American, is the New World aghast at, yet fascinated by, ancient practice—the patience, the callousness (as it often seems), and not least the fatalistic courage. The junk owner's girl-wife, Su-ling, weaves round the youth the spell of recited poetry. Su-ling, bound to her middle-aged husband, loves sternly and silently Old Pebble, head of the trackers towing the junk.

"Old" is a term of affection—the head tracker in fact is a Hercules in his early thirties, cryptic as he is attractive. He is the most complex (which says much) of all these Chinese characters on the junk which shudders its way towards the life-and-death climax of Wind Box Gorge. With each new ominous incident, one's nerves tighten. *A Single Pebble* is something more than exciting; more than a visible struggle is involved. Majestic, and all the more so for its Biblical simplicity, is the storytelling. Mr. Hersey has long been just on the borderline between talent and genius; I feel he has crossed it this time.

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Roderick Balkham

DOUGLAS BYNG gave a spirited rendering of Nell Gwyn reciting verse about the "good old days," and threw oranges to the crowd, before unveiling the new inn sign at The King's Arms at Ockley in Surrey

DINING IN

Vegetable luxury

IF we in this country served vegetables, or a mixture of vegetables, as a separate course, we would certainly tend to dress them up a little more. As it is, however, we generally serve them as part of the meat course and, seemingly, the plainer they are, the better. Garden peas, for instance, plainly boiled with but a sprig of mint and a pinch of sugar in addition to the salt, and plainly boiled new potatoes glistened with butter, and perfect with tender young lamb.

Perhaps the best-known way with peas, other than "plain boiled," is *Petits Pois à la Française*, a dish well worth serving on its own. The peas do not have the bright green of "plain boiled," but, then, why should they? Escoffier's method is, I think, the best. He advises a pan small enough to hold all the ingredients comfortably and no more. (This is a good rule to follow—the pan to fit the food—for there is then a concentration of flavours which you can never get when a little is cooked in a wide vessel. This is especially the case in the braising of meat and poultry.)

FOR 4 servings, place 1½ pints shelled young peas in a smallish pan. Add 8 to 10 small onions, a heart of lettuce with 2 sprays each of parsley and chervil tied to it, a level teaspoon of sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ to 2 oz. butter and 3 tablespoons water. Cover and cook very slowly until the peas are soft, when practically all the liquid should have evaporated. Remove the herbs. Cut the lettuce into thin strips. Return to the pan with a good walnut of butter and gently shake it to blend the mixture together.

Creamed peas and carrots are both delicious and colourful. For 4 servings, you require about 1½ pints freshly shelled peas and a bunch of very young carrots. (Buy them with the greenery on, as they are then of a better flavour.) Scrape the carrots and, if they are small enough, leave them whole. Gently cook them (covered) in 1 oz. butter, a sprinkle of sugar, a tablespoon or so of water and salt and freshly-milled pepper to taste. After 10 minutes, add the peas and 3 tablespoons boiling water.

COVER and cook for a further 10 minutes, uncover and evaporate the liquid for a few minutes. Bring ¼ pint double cream to the boil and simmer for a few minutes to thicken it further. Turn the peas and carrots into it and, having tasted them for any additional seasoning required, they are ready to be served. In place of full cream, one can use Béchamel sauce enriched with a tablespoon of cream.

For a light entrée, try a dish from Venice, called, variously, *Risi-Pisi*, *Risi e Bisi*, *Rizzi-Pizzi* and so on. I like it best when the risotto is made separately from the peas because, if they are cooked together, there is a tendency for some of the peas to break up and smear the rice, however careful one may be. Here is the method:

Cook a chopped onion to the clear stage in 2 oz. butter. Add 6 to 8 oz. large-grained Italian rice, not washed but well wiped in a cloth. When the rice is well coated with the butter, add a cup of chicken stock or, if this is not available, a bouillon cube, well diluted with hot water, will do. Meanwhile, gently cook 1 pint shelled peas in a little butter, together with about a cup of stock.

As the rice absorbs the stock, add a little more then, when it is almost cooked, turn the peas and their reduced stock into it. Season well to taste and gently mix the rice and peas together. At the last moment, add another ounce of butter and let it melt through the mixture. Pass grated Parmesan with this dish.

For a change, add to the rice and peas a small carton of potted shrimps, warmed through and turned in their own butter.

—Helen Burke



DINING OUT

Joyful declarations

"I DECLARE the clock to be well and truly going," said André Simon when he unveiled the new clock outside Findlater House in Wigmore Street at the same moment as the Test match started at Lord's; a very suitable coincidence as Mr. James H. Todd, the eighty-eight year old chairman of Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co. (wine and spirit merchants with a history dating back over 130 years), who was present at the ceremony, had on many occasions played cricket with W. G. Grace.

The clock itself is a fine affair designed by Terence Carr and carved in teak by A. G. Cole. May its jade green dial remind people that it is "opening time" for many years to come.

"I declare King Charles and Nell Gwyn to be well and truly exposed," said Douglas Byng as he pulled the cover away from the new sign at The King's Arms at Ockley in Surrey, disclosing a rather lecherous Charles with his arm round a very "Come hither" Nell Gwyn. All this took place after Douglas, with a loud cry, had leapt out of a hedge on to the garden wall, disguised with a flaming wig as that very famous distributor of oranges.

The King's Arms is a fine old inn run by Mrs. Frankie Meikle, a gay and friendly innkeeper. There is some excellent food available; they concentrate on the best of the English native foods such as roast beef, pork, lamb, local poultry, local vegetables cooked in a proper manner, and chops and steaks from the grill.

THE wine list is short, sensible and very reasonable in price. There is also a wide range of Friary beers, the chairman of the Friary Brewery, septuagenarian Capt. Charles Hoskins Master, turning up for the event. If you find yourself passing The King's Arms on a winter's day, stop and mix a bottle of Friary 4X and their Audit Ale in a pint mug. This is a potent remover of ills and chills.

"I declare these fine English cheeses to be in prime condition and the bar open," said Mr. E. K. Portman-Dixon, chief of the restaurant cars and refreshment rooms of British Transport Hotels and Catering Services, at Waterloo station after a cheese tasting party to celebrate the opening of a new and very smart Cheese Bar in the main refreshment room featuring British cheeses exclusively.

"I declare the footprints of the Abominable Snowman to be upon the wall," said George Gulley, when he verbally assisted Anna Massey in opening the Cascade Restaurant in Mayfair Place. Although this took place some time ago, I only paid my first visit there during the past week. This is the sort of restaurant to which I shall enjoy taking guests who have not been there before, because the inevitable reaction on entering for the first time is to stop still and gape. The décor is outstanding, much use being made of some magnificent panelling, the centrepiece, of course, being the waterfall, which gives one the impression of being in a landscape garden, very cool and refreshing.

The restaurant is under the direction of M. Terroni, who was caterer to General Whittaker from 1941 to 1946 and at Manetta's for over five years. The *chef de cuisine* is Constantino Brusa, late of The Ivy, and Sid Morgan, also from Manetta's, dispenses the hard liquor.

The Cascade is, as one would expect, a fairly expensive restaurant, but the prices of the wines are remarkably low for the quality of the establishment.

—I. Bickerstaff



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Gin and Tonic. Serve in a fairly large glass so that people can add as much Tonic Water as they like. Add a thin slice of lemon.

Gin and Orange. For a short-and-sweet, have equal quantities of Gordon's and Orange Squash. Reduce the orange for a semi-sweet. For a long drink, add soda water. P.S. Busy barmen appreciate clear orders, e.g.: "Gordon's with a dash of orange, please."

*Ask for it by name



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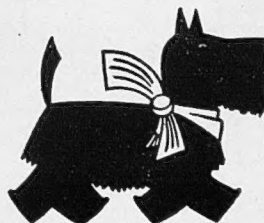
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The Grand Prix d'Elegance Parade was held in Paris recently, and many beautifully dressed women posed by their equally beautifully turned out cars. Above: Countess Bruno D'Oncieu beside her Rolls-Royce



Miss Cynthia Balfour standing in front of the Bristol in which she entered the competition



Miss Stella Jebb, daughter of the British Ambassador, with her winning Rolls-Royce

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

A STRICT ECONOMY TEST

THE importance of the Hants and Berks Motor Club's economy run this year lay in the exclusion by the rules of major modifications. The old dodge of inflating the tyres much above normal pressure was forbidden, ordinary pump fuel had to be used and no coasting was allowed. In spite of these things the winner of the big car class (over 2,600 c.c.) and the recipient of the Mobilgas Economy Run Trophy did 29.74 miles to the gallon over the 640-mile course with an average speed of 30 miles an hour. The competitor was H. G. W. Kendrick and the car an Austin A.90.

In order that we shall all be clear as to what these figures mean, the following converted figures are given: the distance run was 1,030 kilometres and the average speed called for was 50 kilometres an hour or, more exactly, 48.28. The fuel consumption was 10½ kilometres to the litre or, to put it in the way usually adopted on the Continent, 9.5 litres to the 100 kilometres. It is a remarkable performance for a large car being driven within the framework of these rules.

Clearly, for spectacular results, the small capacity classes must be quoted and here the amazing Renault 750 lived up to its reputation and achieved 63.62 miles to the gallon, while the Fiat 600 did 48.37 m.p.gal. Volkswagens had it all their own way in the 1,000 c.c. to 1,600 c.c. class, the best achievement being 43.03 m.p.gal. In class 3, the Armstrong Siddeley 234 did 29.14 m.p.gal. and, in the all-comers class, the Triumph TR2 did 55.06 m.p.gal.

Such are the fuel consumptions which owners of these cars ought to be able to approach under ordinary running conditions. The average speed required was sufficiently high to meet many normal

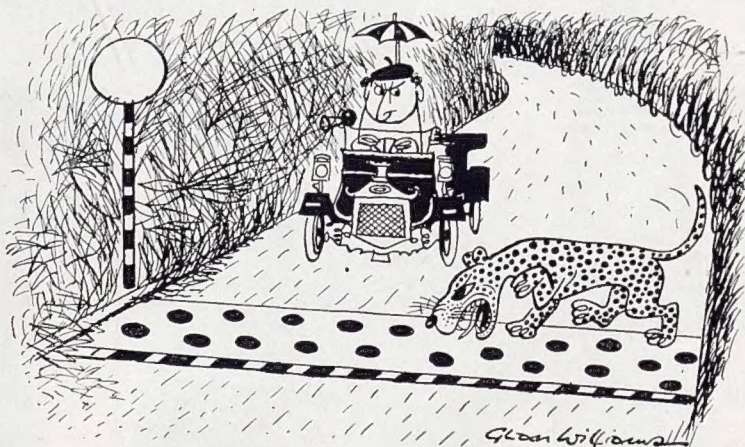
requirements and the rest was simply a matter of "softly, softly." And I think it is true, as the Mobilgas people suggested in one of their statements about the run, that softly-softly driving is safe driving.

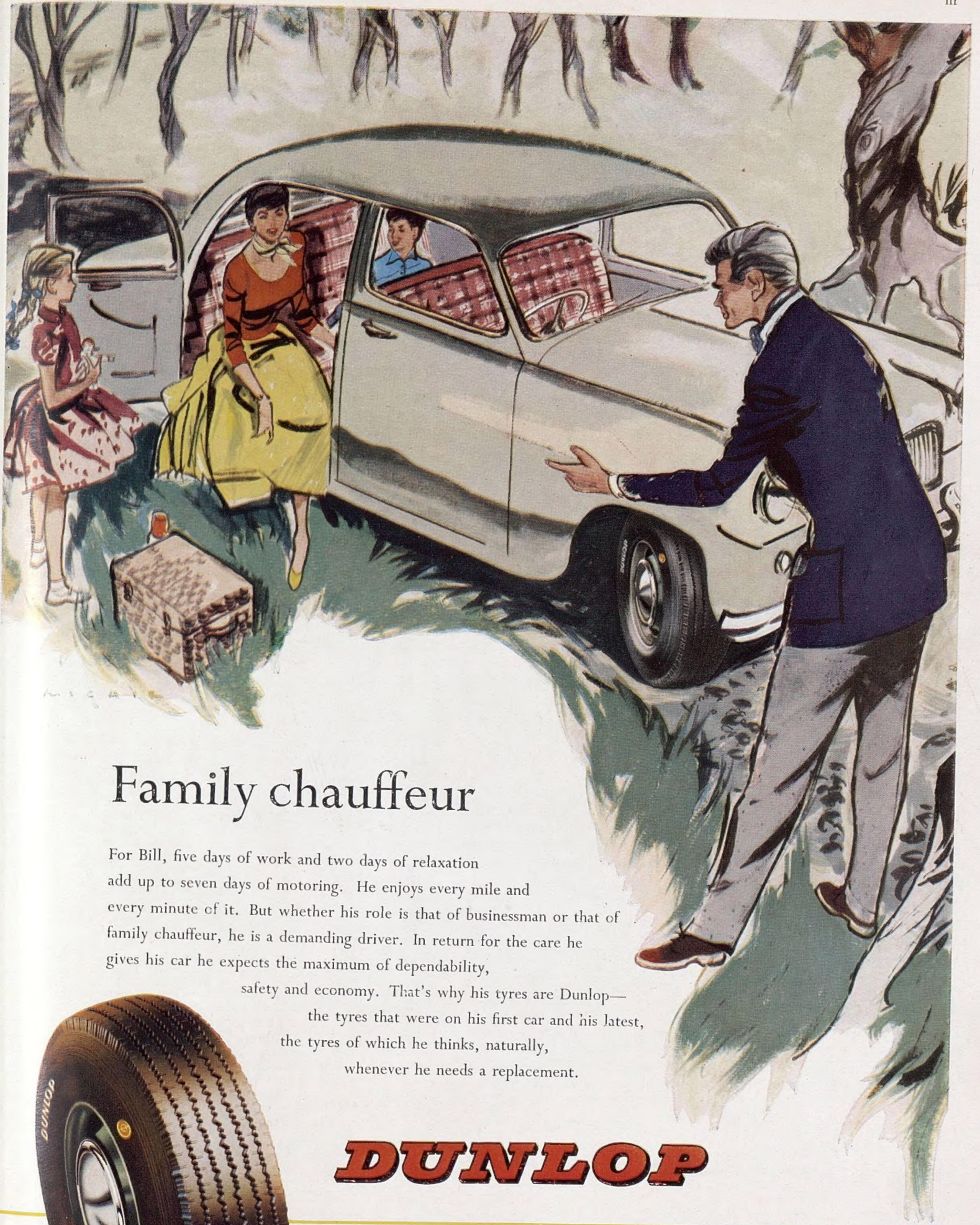
The converse is probably also true; that harsh driving is unsafe. The more a driver stamps on things and pulls and pushes and twiddles, the less safe he normally is. So we may welcome this run as an object lesson of some importance. I only wish that a diesel-engined car had been entered so that we might have had the figures for comparative purposes.

ONE more move back towards sanity in gear lever position is signaled by the new Wolseley "Fifteen-Fifty." The lever has been moved from the steering column to the central position. This car has the 1½ litre B.M.C. engine and its price, inclusive of purchase tax, is £961 7s.

The new colour range in which this car is presented is—and I quote the makers, whose opinions I should hate to question—"specially designed to appeal to the feminine eye." The colours include some which are as great tributes to the man who devised the titles as to the colours themselves, for instance, "champagne beige Swiss grey" and "Yukon grey!"

Here are a few items from the specification of the "Fifteen-fifty." The engine is a four-cylinder, the transmission is by single-plate clutch and four-speed gearbox, the brakes are Lockheed hydraulic and the suspension is independent at front and semi-elliptic at rear. It is exceptionally manoeuvrable—a point which is becoming of ever-greater importance in today's traffic conditions—and passenger comfort has received close attention, while the petrol consumption stretches the vital "distance between pumps" to a most satisfactory figure.





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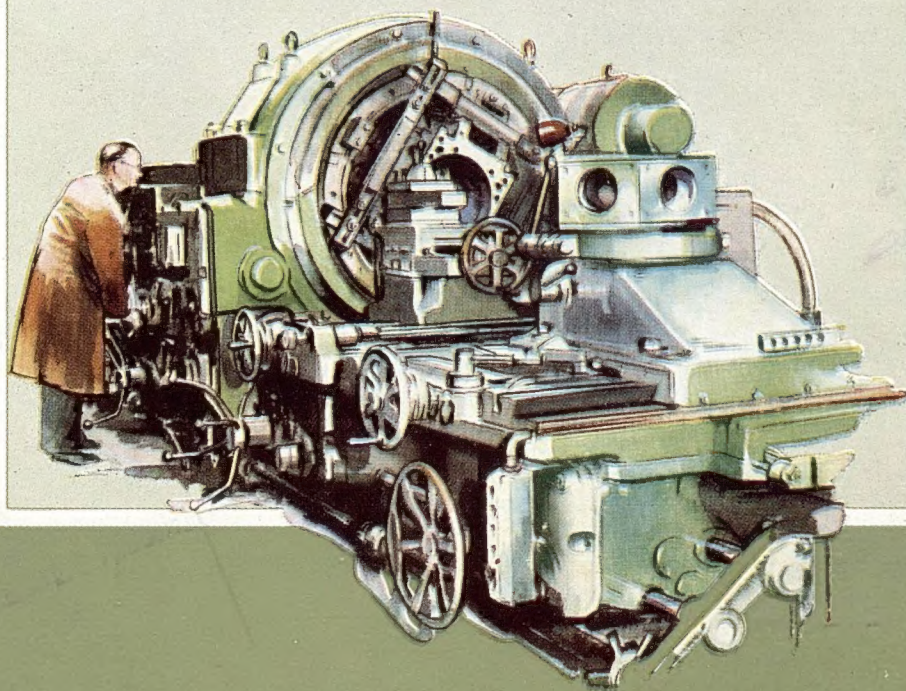
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bearings of a locomotive axle). The lathe has a hollow mandrel
with a bore of $39\frac{1}{2}$ inches, admitting the cannon box, which
can thus be machined simultaneously at both ends. This
mandrel, like the driving gears, has Timken tapered-roller
bearings, which are used extensively in many other kinds of
machinery, ranging from helicopters to tractors.



TIMKEN

Regd.
Trade
Mark:
TIMKEN

TAPERED-ROLLER BEARINGS

MADE IN ENGLAND BY BRITISH TIMKEN LTD.,
DUSTON, NORTHAMPTON (HEAD OFFICE); AND BIRMINGHAM

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